Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS AUGUST 19, 1950

Antidote . . . rism

By ASHLEY MO

(See page 8)

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Giovanni Guareschi, author of "The Little World of Don Camillo." (See page 10)

Dialing Civilization

By KATHLEEN SPROUL

Household Hints for Hoarders

By DAVID L. COHN

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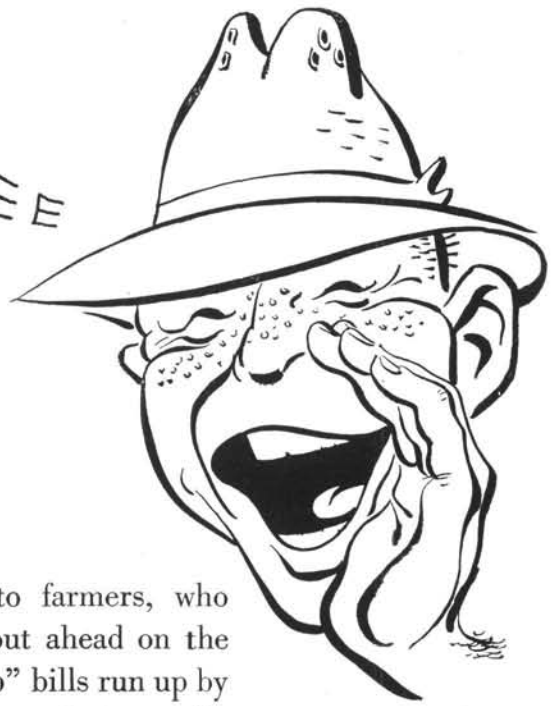

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A side light on the American meat industry

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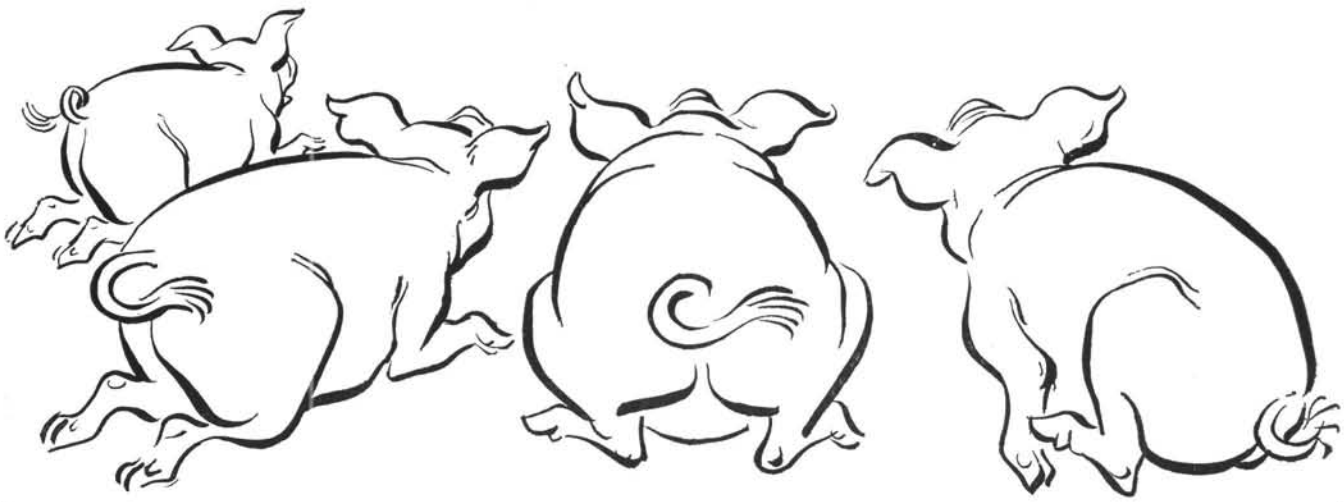

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This Week

August 19, 1950

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Features

Page

ANTIDOTE TO BARBARISM
By Ashley Montagu 8

DIALING CIVILIZATION
By Kathleen Sproul 19

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR HOARDERS
By David L. Cohn.....23

Reviews

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue.....10

TWO LOVELY BEASTS
Reviewed by Edward J. Fitzgerald..11

FACE OF A HERO
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert.....12

MERCHANT OF THE RUBY
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....12

IDEAS AND MEN
Reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun.....14

THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS
Reviewed by Mark Starr.....15

THE LAW OF THE SEA
Reviewed by Robert G. Albion.....16

IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS
Reviewed by Gorham Munson.....17

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE
Reviewed by John R. Everett.....18

CREATIVE PERSONALITY
Reviewed by H. A. Overstreet.....18

THE UNBROKEN THREAD
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly....28

ESCAPE TO ADVENTURE
Reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson....29

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....29

ROOM FOR ONE MORE
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor.....30

THE LAST CRUISE
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....30

LITTLE BRITCHES
Reviewed by John T. Winterich....31

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4

LITERARY CRYPT 13

LITERARY I. Q. 16

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....21

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 24

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Richard Griffith 26

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....40

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....41

DOUBLE CROSTIC No. 856 43

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TRADE Winds

YOUR CORRESPONDENT has terminated his wanderings for the season (cries of "Hear! Hear!") by flying up to Elmira for a series of parties honoring Samuel Hopkins Adams and his joyous new novel, "Sunrise to Sunset." They exhausted everybody but the seventy-nine-year-old author himself. When last seen, Sam, like Oliver Twist, was still hollering for more. When he wrote his piece for the *Satevepost* called "Old Age—I Spit in Its Eye" (he did *not* write the title, which riles him), Sam wasn't kidding. He still is being flooded with letters from oldsters who found the article a source of renewed hope and inspiration. Watching him cavort about, it was hard to realize that his famous newspaper yarn, "The Clarion," had been published a full thirty-five years ago, and "Revelry," twenty-four. Sam also wrote the original for one of the most successful movies in history, "It Happened One Night," not to mention a little number called "Flaming Youth," for which he prudently adopted the alias of Warner Fabian. . . .

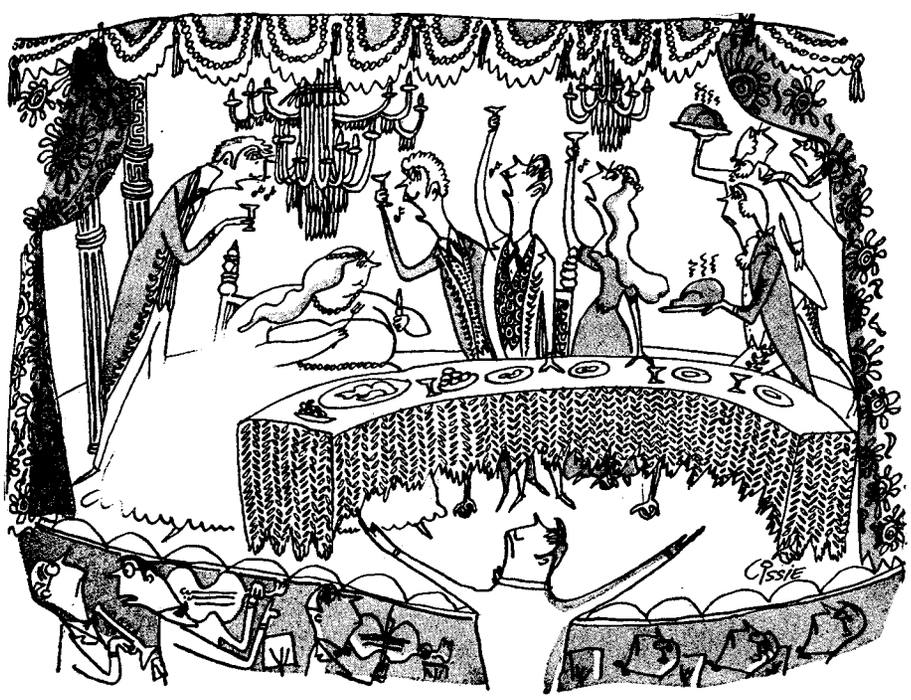
In Elmira our hosts were Dick and Cappy Raitt, of the Gorton Coy, whose book department is master-minded by Alice Dillon Moffatt, long a fixture at Macy's. . . . Dick, who comes from Ottumwa, Iowa, and Cappy, born at Unadilla, New York, had a heck of a time convincing a passport official of the fact. He thought he was being kidded. . . . In the evening we were whisked out to Fontainebleau, a favorite rendezvous for Cornell men, for a party that included Dean Winton Tolles, of Hamilton, and Frank and Helene Pollock, of Thatcher Glass fame. . . . Frank took me out to watch the night shift making beer and milk bottles. Reminded me of the cartoon of the glassblower who kissed his wife when he came home from work, and forgot to let go. The poor girl puffed out like a Navy dirigible. . . .

At the crack of dawn the next day Sam, spryer than ever, yanked me out of bed and drove me to Ithaca, where we wandered across the beautiful Cornell campus. Then on we sped to his own home near Auburn, in the Finger Lakes district, for another round of parties with Stewart and Sibyl Holbrook, the H. Dutton Nobles, and the Lithgow Osbornes. Lithgow is the son of the famous humanitarian Thomas Mott Osborne, and he had a distinguished career in the diplomatic service himself. . . . Auburn is the town Nancy Wilson Ross used as a background for her first novel, "Friday to Monday." That was back in 1932, but some of the natives still wax irate at mention of her name. . . . When Mildred Harlan helped me totter aboard a plane for home at Syracuse, Sam Adams was busy rounding up a dozen or so new guests for another party in honor of the Holbrooks. . . .

STEWART HOLBROOK'S NAME, of course, brings to mind his fine new book, "Yankee Exodus" (Macmillan), which Philip Parrish, editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, hailed in the following unusual editorial:

> Mr. Holbrook's book is a study of what happened to the New England people who, during the middle of the nineteenth century, when the poverty of their own back country became undeniable, moved west across New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania into the inviting Middle Valley. And then to the Pacific Coast. He tells the great devices to which the flinty people resorted. It unquestionably is one of the most heroic stories in the annals of man, and one of the most vital.
>
> Some years ago a soured philosopher, George Santayana, with Latin leanings, wrote a novel, "The Last Puritan," in which the climax of puritanism was located in a rich New England hoarder, grasping his pennies. Professor Santayana was unable to see that most puritanism had long since become part of the life of all America even before he, Santayana, arrived at Harvard. It is this tale of New England's movement into the continent—told so effectively and often amusingly—that Mr. Holbrook has fully revealed. Mr. Holbrook's evidence makes absurdity of Professor Santayana's fiction. The Puritan that Santayana put his finger on was a "dead" man. His brothers and sisters were away in the West. . . .

MIGRATING WHITES have been taken in stride by at least one Indian lass, who is wowing them in Hollywood under the name of Innocence Blacktooth. . . . But Leo Guild reports that thirty-five stalwart braves now doing war dances and collecting wampum from the Brothers Warner have to report to the make-up department every morning to be sprayed with brown paint. Civilization has faded them. . . . One whiteskin who thinks he can follow a trail better than any Indian is Harpo Marx. Harpo would rather find a short cut than pick seven straight winners at the Santa Anita track. Driving to Palm Springs with a friend for a week end of desert sunshine recently, he insisted he knew a way that would cut down the usual three-hour schedule. They left Los Angeles at 9:00 P.M. At two the next morning they were still on the open road—and climbing. "I'm afraid we're lost," admitted Harpo. "What makes you think so?" asked the friend. "For one thing," said Harpo, "it's snowing." . . . Judy Garland sick? I have just seen a preview of her latest picture, "Summer Stock," and if that girl really is ailing M-G-M should discover the



"After the feast in the first act she always refuses to continue."

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20th CENTURY-FOX

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— *Pathfinder*

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author of "DUKE"

With an introduction by
DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM

"From case histories of juvenile delinquency, Hal Ellson has built this shocking story. . . . This is our criminal class in childhood." — *Miami Herald*

"This is a novel whose fiction lies only in the form. The substance is undiluted fact, the raw product of hundreds of case histories examined at first hand." — *Cleveland News*

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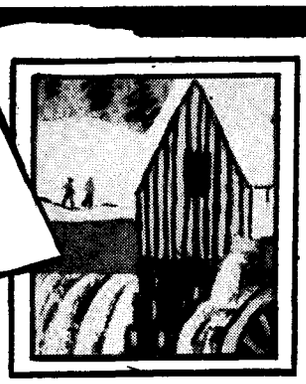
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Elsie Oakes Barber . . .



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exact nature of the malady and infect other stars on the lot with the germ. "Summer Stock" is a gay and charming musical, and Judy is the gayest and most charming thing in it. Extra dividends: Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and Eddie Bracken. . . . Another picture that will delight you is the English "Kind Hearts and Coronets," featuring sly humor and an astonishing performance by Alec Guinness. . . .

ROOTS . . . Douglas Black is now president of the mighty Doubleday organization, and a right good president, too. He started at the bottom—selling books at Doubleday's Penn Terminal shop at night to help pay his tuition at Columbia Law School. One of the first famous authors to take note of his exceptional talents was Christopher Morley, who sent him an autographed copy of his latest opus as a mark of his favor. Black still keeps the volume proudly on a drawing-room table despite a slight error by Mr. M. The inscription reads: "For my young friend, *Donald* Black." . . . Just after Ernest Hemingway mailed the manuscript of "A Farewell to Arms" to Max Perkins from Paris he told Dorothy Parker, "I rewrote the concluding passages seventy times. Now I suppose the critics will say that the ending is hurried." . . . That was exactly twenty-one years before Lillian Ross, in *The New Yorker*, wrote the Hemingway profile to end all others. . . . When James Branch Cabell was enjoying the first flush of literary success he received a note that said, "I have chosen you as my favorite author. Please write me immediately and tell me why." . . . Just over two centuries ago a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, bound for Trinity College in Dublin, sought lodging for the night in the town of Ardagh. A local wit directed him to the home of the county's richest and most irascible squire. The squire, in a good humor that day, perceived that the lad had mistaken him for a servile innkeeper and played the role to the hilt, while the bemused youth grew more and more arrogant in his demands. The next morning, when the boy learned what a dunce he had made of himself, he sneaked out the kitchen door. He never forgot the episode. In fact, he based a play on it. The name of the youth was Oliver Goldsmith; his play, "She Stoops to Conquer." . . .

BROTHER JOHN STRALEY has come up with some seasonal stories about golf, a game he calls the hoof-and-mouth disease because you plod around all day and talk about it all night. . . . A wealthy contractor named Murphy got rich so fast he still can't swing a golf club without first spitting on his

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hands. . . . Two vacationists met at the first tee of a hotel course and formed a twosome. On the ninth hole one of them said, "That's my wife over there playing with an old bag she dredged up somewhere." The other assured him, "You took the words right out of my mouth." . . . A pastor was badly beaten by a parishioner thirty years his senior. "Don't take it so much to heart," chortled the victor. "You'll win in the end. You'll be burying me one of these days." "Even then," said the pastor grumpily, "it'll be your hole!" . . .

Speaking of burials, there's an anecdote in Jack Raymond's deeply interesting book, "This Is Germany" (Sloane), that reflects the state of mind of many Americans in the occupied zone after hearing testimony from thousands of former—and, alas, returning—big-wigs. Adolf Hitler, it seems, didn't perish in a bunker at all. His body was found only the other day sprawled in a Munich alley. A note was clenched tightly in his fist. It read, "I was never a Nazi!"

—BENNETT CERF.

Evening Music

By May Sarton

WE ENTER the evening as we enter a quartet
Listening again for its particular note,
The interval when all seems possible,
Order in time when action is suspended
And we are pure in heart, perfect in will.
We enter the evening whole and well defended
But at the quick of self, intense detachment
That is a point of burning far from passion—
And this, we know, is what we always meant
And even love must learn it in some fashion,
To move like formal music through the heart
To be achieved like some high difficult art.

We enter the evening as we enter a quartet
Listening again for its particular note
Which is your note perhaps, your special gift,
A detached joy that flowers and makes bloom
The longest silence in the silent room—
And there would be no music if you left.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Antidote to Barbarism

ASHLEY MONTAGU

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"The Eleventh Commandment."

Ashley Montagu

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Four weeks ago, on July 18, the front pages of our newspapers headlined the news from Korea. Some papers, however, managed to find room on the front page for what might have seemed at first glance a rather innocuous item churned out of the Paris press office. The dispatch emanated from the headquarters of UNESCO and it concerned a definition of race. The UNESCO "Statement on Race" is a document of the first importance.* SRL *has asked Ashley Montagu, chief author of the statement, to explain how it came into being. Dr. Montagu, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, is well known to* SRL *readers. His article "Man and the Social Appetite" which The Saturday Review published November 19, 1949, gained widespread attention and was later expanded into a book, "On Being Human" (Henry Schuman, $1.95).*

IN THE decade just passed six million human beings lost their lives because it was alleged they belonged to an inferior race. The horrible corollary to this barbarism is that it rested on a scientifically untenable premise. On this the scientists of the world are agreed. And through an agency of the United Nations they have dramatically gone on record to clarify the whole concept of race.

On July 18 UNESCO issued a "Statement on Race," the consequences of which are of truly universal importance, for it effectively demolishes the myth that race determines mental aptitude, temperamental character, or social habits. It may be of interest to know how the statement came to be written—the more so, perhaps, because the story shows that even in an area where emotion and prejudice, injustice and oppression, death and disaster have figured so largely scientists of different nations can meet, freely discuss the problems involved in the language of science, and arrive at a common agreement. One is tempted to wonder whether the method might not be tried where political problems are involved.

Early in October 1949 UNESCO invited ten scientists from five continents to assemble for the purpose of considering the main aspects of the race problem and of drafting a statement embodying the result of their deliberations. Of these, two—professors Czeckanowski (Poland) and Sköld (Sweden)—were prevented by illness from attending. The other eight* were all present in Paris for the opening of the first meeting on December 12, 1949; also present were a United Nations observer and three representatives of UNESCO. It was peculiarly fitting that the gathering should have taken place in Unesco House, for this building on the Avenue Kléber had been, less than five years before, headquarters of the German military during the Occupation of Paris. Except only if our deliberations had taken place at Auschwitz, there would have been no more fitting environment to impress upon us the immense consequence of our work.

Our conference room was a large, square-shaped, high-ceilinged room with the usual green baize conference tables arranged in a hollow square. Following introductions, greetings to old friends, and some conversation, we took our seats at the tables. Professor R. C. Angell (United States) gracefully welcomed us on behalf of UNESCO and outlined what it was that UNESCO wished us to consider. Then after elections, in which Franklin Frazier was appointed chairman and myself *rapporteur*, we got down to business. Professor Ginsberg (United Kingdom) admirably opened the discussion by urging upon us the necessity of being careful to say no more than we knew. He strongly emphasized the importance of avoiding overstatement, of not going beyond the evidence. His cautions elicited complete agreement. Having dwelt on what we did *not* know, I felt that Professor Ginsberg's remarks should be

* L. A. Costa Pinto (Brazil), Claude Levi-Strauss (France), Humayun Kabir (India), Juan Comas (Mexico), Ernest Beaglehole (New Zealand), Morris Ginsberg (United Kingdom), Franklin Frazier (United States), and myself (United States).

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supplemented by a statement concerning what we *did* know about race. I made such a statement. Upon its conclusion Professor Beaglehole (New Zealand) suggested that I draft these extemporaneous thoughts into a formal statement, which could then be used as a basis for discussion during the next two days. Upon being tallied it was the unanimous view of the committee that this should be done. It was an honor and an obligation which I could hardly decline. The remainder of the first day was spent in hearing an expression of views from each of the members of the committee on various aspects of the problem of race, and in the early evening we met as the guests of UNESCO at a sumptuous dinner.

AFTER dinner we each retired to our hotels, and I to the drafting of the statement, which had to be ready for discussion by the next morning. The writing of the statement kept me up until four o'clock in the morning. After some sleep and a leisurely breakfast, I took the Metro to the Etoile station and was soon at Unesco House. The meeting was called to order, and I was asked to present the statement. A subject that has evoked so much controversy, even among scientists, could not, in a statement such as that which I had drafted be expected to meet with general acceptance among my colleagues on the committee. I fully expected that there would be an appreciable amount of objection and disagreement, and had endeavored to write up to the level of our scientific knowledge and no more. Since the statement, if and when finally accepted, would be translated into all the more important languages it was necessary to write it as simply and as clearly as possible. This was not easy. All in all, I felt there would be a fair amount of disagreement with what was said and some criticism of the way in which it was said.

I first read the statement as a whole to the committee, and then read it sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, pausing for the committee's comments on each sentence. Thus, word by word, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, and as a whole the statement was carefully analyzed. Some deletions of words and of a sentence or two were recommended. Substitutions for several words were suggested, and several new sentences added. Such objections as were raised and such criticisms as were made centered on infelicities of expression, technical terms, overdetermination, overemphasis, the use of a universal when a general term was more accurate, and the like. Every statement was microscopically viewed and discussed. Every member of the committee, together with the U.N. and the UNESCO representatives, worked hard to eliminate weak and debatable points, to find "holes" and doubtful statements. Such weaknesses were found and corrected, but they were few. When finally we got the statement into shape agreement on all points was complete. By the termination of the third and last day of the meeting all members of the committee were able to sign the statement without any reservations.

Upon the completion of this draft the statement was then sent to some half dozen distinguished scientists drawn from the fields of genetics, general biology, psychology, and sociology. The criticisms and suggestions made by these experts were again of a minor kind though worth their weight in iridium. They were incorporated into a third draft, and this was then sent to experts in labor-management relations and to scientists drawn from the fields of genetics, general biology, social psychology, sociology, and anthropology. Again, the criticisms and suggestions which came in were minor but invaluable. These were incorporated into a fourth and final draft, and this was submitted to Professor Angell. For the record, let it be said here that a copy of the statement was sent to one of the prominent atomic scientists, who had agreed to read it critically. But, although twice reminded, he did nothing about it! *Requiescat in pace!*

THE Mass Communications Department of UNESCO arranged for the diffusion of the statement on July 18, by press and radio, in all countries, and as given to the world reads as follows:

1. Scientists have reached general agreement in recognizing that mankind is one: that all men belong to the same species, *Homo sapiens*. It is further generally agreed among scientists that all men are probably derived from the same common stock; and that such differences as exist between different groups of mankind are due to the operation of evolutionary factors of differentiation such as isolation, the drift and random fixation of the material particles which control heredity (the genes), changes in the structure of these particles, hybridization, and natural selection. In these ways groups have arisen of varying stability and degree of differentiation which have been classified in different ways for different purposes.

2. From the biological standpoint, the species *Homo sapiens* is made up of a number of populations, each one of which differs from the others in the frequency of one or more genes. Such genes, responsible for the heredity differences between men, are always few when compared with the whole genetic constitution of man and the vast number of genes common to all human beings regardless of the population to which they belong. This means that the likenesses among men are far greater than their differences.

3. A race, from the biological standpoint, may therefore be defined as one of the group of populations constituting the species *Homo sapiens*. These populations are capable of interbreeding with one another but, by virtue of the isolating barriers which in the past kept them more or less separated, exhibit certain physical differences as

(*Continued on page* 38)

—*Acme.*

USA race riot victim, 1949—"all men belong to the same species, *Homo sapiens*."

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Fiction. *Rarely can a reviewer greet a new work of fiction as enthusiastically as Thomas Sugrue hails Giovanni Guareschi's "The Little World of Don Camillo" (see below). This collection of superbly wrought vignettes, projecting the War Between the East and West through a series of encounters between the priest and Communist mayor of an Italian village is one of the few bright spots of a dull summer. Another fine example of the storyteller's art is "Face of a Hero," by Louis Falstein. So many notable novels about World War II have already been published that it is difficult for a beginner to find something new to say about it and a fresh way to say it; but Mr. Falstein has accomplished the trick. "Merchant of the Ruby" is another of Alice Harwood's accurate and engrossing re-creations of Britian at the dawn of modern times* (see page 12).

A Priest, a Red & an Unworried Christ

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO. By Giovanni Guareschi. Translated by Una Vincenzo Troubridge. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 205 pp. $2.75.

By Thomas Sugrue

IT IS somewhat early to submit nominations for the year's best book in this or that or some other category, particularly since the fall lists have yet to be flushed. In the case of "The Little World of Don Camillo," however, there is, beyond the demands of politeness, no need to wait. Nothing will turn up between now and Christmas to surpass this little gem in the field of clarity-amid-confusion. So far as 1950 is concerned it is the Book to Give Anyone for Whatever Ails Him. Since whatever ails him in these long fortnights of fear is very apt to be the war between the East and the West, that is precisely what these tales of an Italian priest are good for. Like an aspirin tablet they go straight to the designated target, knocking out any roadside ailments which lie along the route.

This Don Camillo, says Mr. Guareschi, lived in any village of the Po Valley and was the parish priest. He had an adversary named Peppone, who was a Communist, a parishioner, and mayor of the village. When Don Camillo spoke against Peppone during a local political campaign, Peppone one night secretly assaulted him with a club. A few weeks later Peppone visited the confessional and confessed his sins, including the assault, to Don Camillo. When the confession was over and Peppone was kneeling at the altar rail, saying his penance, Don Camillo said to Christ, Who hung on a large cross above the altar, "I'm going to beat him up for You." Christ said he would do nothing of the sort. "I have forgiven him and you must do the same," He said. Don Camillo then said that Reds could not be trusted, but Christ said that a man was a man and that what counted was his heart. Don Camillo turned in sadness and walked past Peppone. Suddenly he reminded Christ that although his hands were designated for blessing, nothing had been said officially about his feet. "There's something in that," Christ said, "but, I warn you, just one." So Don Camillo kicked Peppone. "I've been expecting that for the past ten minutes," Peppone said. "I feel better now."

Thus the battle between the two was joined. They were well matched; both were large, strong, big-handed, and quick to bristle. Peppone had the Party Line to back him up; Don Camillo had Christ, to Whom he talked every day, and several times a day when there was a crisis. Christ did not always agree with Don Camillo; He stayed his hand often, and on some occasions punished him by silence. When Peppone brought a Communist leader to the square opposite the church and set up loudspeakers to blast the leader's blasphemy into Don Camillo's ears, Christ refused to let his priest leave the church to take action. So Don Camillo went to the belfry and whenever the Communist leader criticized the church he pulled on the bell-rope. When Peppone insisted that his son be christened Lenin, Don Camillo refused. Christ told him he was wrong, so Don Camillo reversed his decision, but first he thrashed Peppone, to prove his compliance purely a matter of principle.

Peppone was not too literate, and he needed help, when writing a manifesto, in matters of spelling, syntax, and grammar. He therefore presented

THE AUTHOR: Giovanni Guareschi is forty-two and the author of eight books. He has a handsome mustache, a piliferous pate, a motorcycle with four cylinders, an automobile with six cylinders, and a wife with two children. He also receives hearty praise from *Candido*, a Milanese *New Yorker*, for his contributions—"perhaps because I am editor-in-chief." Born in Parma, where "people have heads hard as pig iron . . . , my parents," he writes, "had decided that I should become a naval engineer and so I ended up studying law and thus, in a short time, I became famous as a signboard artist and caricaturist. After that I studied wood-carving and scenic design. At the same time I kept busy as a doorman in a sugar refinery, a superintendent of a parking lot for bicycles, and since I knew nothing at all about music I began to give mandolin lessons. I had an excellent record as a census taker. I was teacher in a boarding school and then I got a job correcting proof on a local newspaper. Since I had a free day on Sunday I took over the editorship of a weekly magazine. One fine day I wormed my way into a humor magazine called *Bertoldo*. Here I was forced to stop writing, but I was allowed to draw." Then, one less-fine night in '42, depressed over the war and somewhat *borracho*, he went "up and down the streets of Milan shouting things which filled several sheets of legal-size paper"—attested to in custody the next day by the political police, who secured his invitation to service. After the fall of Fascism Guareschi spent nineteen months in concentration camps, where, reduced to 100 pounds, he lived by his slogan, "I will not die even if they kill me." Today, alas, many things leave him indifferent—among them the success of his movie "People Like This." "The war destroyed a lot we had within us. We have seen too many dead—and too many living."

—R. G.

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his manifestos to Don Camillo as confessions of his sins, asking that he be shown the error of his ways. When Peppone announced that he would build a People's Palace for the village, however, Don Camillo outsmarted his rival; the people got their palace, but Don Camillo, for keeping quiet about the source of the funds, got the Recreation Center he had wanted for ten years. The dedication of the Center and the dedication of the Palace were critical points in the struggle of the enemies, but the climax came when the Bishop arrived in town and Peppone instructed his Party members to treat the prelate with "dignified indifference." The result of this was a friendly visit by the Bishop to the People's Palace, which he greatly admired. When he saw the books in the library he sighed, but Peppone, unbending slightly from his indifference, said, "Nobody ever reads them."

So the battle proceeded. There was no end to it, though in the final chapter Peppone, protesting wildly, helped Don Camillo repaint the figures for the crèche. But no ending is needed for this book; its humor, its charm, its simplicity, its wisdom in the guise of innocence, its masterful timing, its sense of detail, are more than sufficient to enchant any reader, and to reduce quickly his own troubles to a point of identification with those of Don Camillo, who in turn passes them on to a friendly, objective, and not terribly worried Christ.

Of course, not all Communists are like Peppone, and not all priests are like Don Camillo. Still, all men are a little like both of these men, and that is why, without further explanation, all men should read "The Little World of Don Camillo." It won't solve the problem of Christianity versus Communism, but it will definitely, for the honest observer, reduce the size of the versus. Besides, it introduces to America a new and brilliant satirist, whose art is fully developed and who illustrates, with caricatures, his bright humor.

An Aran Islander on the World

TWO LOVELY BEASTS. By Liam O'Flaherty. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 274 pp. $3.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

LIAM O'FLAHERTY has always had a special and distinguished place among the Irish writers who have continued the Irish revival. His prose may be less melodic than that of O'Casey, his humor less beguiling than that of Frank O'Connor and less tender than O'Casey's, and his descriptions of nature less gentle than those of Sean O'Faolain. But his harsh style has a brilliant precision of its own, his humor its own wry flavor, and—as an Aran Islander—he views the natural world as a place of fierce and ruthless struggle. More, as O'Faolain has said, "one feels that O'Flaherty writes in a kind of fury."

All of this adds up to a writer of power, to whose new production many readers look forward. This latest collection of his short stories must be reported a disappointment. Partly this may be the result of too high expectation. More, I suspect, it is because the collection has been too hastily assembled. Too many of the stories, while adequate from a lesser writer, are not up to O'Flaherty's standard; too few are of the consequence we have come to expect. And the fury seems to have abated. This is not to say that the collection may be disregarded. Most of the stories are distinguished by careful craftsmanship, moments of real beauty, and occasional scenes of deep emotional intensity.

The negative point is perhaps best illustrated by the shorter pieces—"The Mouse," "The Water Hen," "The Light," "The Tide," and "The Seal." These are not stories at all. They are brilliantly executed exercises, sharply etched descriptions of nature in action. The best of these—and it is powerful—describes the fierce underwater death struggle between a seal and a conger-eel. So directly vivid is O'Flaherty's presentation that the reader feels he is actually apprehending the event without the intervention of an author. This is a considerable accomplishment. But when the piece is laid aside one feels admiration for the author's magic rather than that invasion and involvement of the heart which O'Flaherty can evoke.

Of the other fifteen stories in the collection, perhaps a half dozen recall, but do not reach, the stature of O'Flaherty at his best. "The Challenge," to my mind the book's most successful story, is a wonderfully lusty piece about a verbal duel between a tinker and a Connemora lad, which brilliantly underscores the miserable insecurity that lies at the root of blustering braggadocio. In the counterpoint of its precisely described actions and the beautiful details of its setting "The Challenge" reads almost like the libretto for a ballet, and I commend its use as such to some enterprising producer. "The Beggars" is another story in which O'Flaherty's robust humor heightens the tragedy implicit in the situation.

In "The Wedding," "The Old Woman," and "Galway Bay" O'Flaherty depicts, again with a rough humor but with more piercing overtones of tenderness, the lonely disillusionment of the aging, facing the final defeat of unfulfilled life. In "The Bath" we are given a straightforward piece of earthy comedy. And in "Life," an allegorical piece about the birth of a child and the death of an old man, O'Flaherty sums up both his hatred of the forces in living that destroy and his faith in the strength of life which endures.

These are the best. Most of the others have passages which impel recognition that you are reading a writer of integrity and stature.

—From "The Little World of Don Camillo."

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Fifty Missions

FACE OF A HERO. By Louis Falstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 312 pp. $3.

By Hollis Alpert

IT IS five years since the end of World War II and already our novelistic returns on the conflict seem to be about in. The books have had varying fates, from a long tenure on best-seller indexes to almost complete neglect. It is no help for a novel that comes along now to have to run the gauntlet of comparison with a handsome list of others: the names of Heggen, Calmer, Mailer, and Shaw (to take a handy few) stand for well-covered areas of war subject matter and terrain. *Only* five years, and yet the accolade of "best" war novel has been handed out a dozen times. No need any longer to read another, so the feeling seems to be, as though we are to have only one to remember and recreate the awesome time for us. That no novelist has "caught it all" is made amply clear by Louis Falstein's "Face of a Hero." His subject is war, his characters are much the same sort of GI's we've met before, their speech and their thoughts are not startlingly fresh to us, and yet there is a freshness that runs through this book, a quality that makes the familiar material seem new once more.

Not that it is a book without fault, or that it should necessarily cause a new flurry of "best" recommendations. Even the hero, Ben Isaacs, we seem to have met before: self-conscious about his "Jewishness," broodingly aware of why he fights, and set apart a little from the others because of this double awareness. The others in the crew of ten who flew in a B-24 to a base in Southern Italy are hardly distinctive enough for remembering them as individuals, once the book has been put down. Nevertheless "Face of a Hero" remains haunting and powerful.

I think this is primarily due to the richness of feeling with which air war has been rendered by Mr. Falstein. He has written as though he alone knows the truth and the actuality; his conviction is compelling, and he writes narrative with grace and simplicity.

The story is sharply limited in outline. This crew of ten must complete fifty bombing missions before their combat duties are over and they can be returned to the United States. What is involved in the term "fifty missions"? The answer is the scope and the meaning of the book: an age, an agony, life in a universe reflecting little but death. Ten men flew the missions to Ploesti, Vienna, and the Riviera beaches; two were able to reach the seemingly impossible number. Along this path of fifty missions are strewn the loss of the other eight. Flak, failure of engines and fuel supply, mental crack-ups, enemy fighter action account for the empty cots in the barracks. It was a dream crew that started out, so they all passionately believed or tried to believe. And when Ben flew his fiftieth he was a stranger, manning a tail gun among nine men whose faces were hardly more than oxygen masks to him.

To make up for the lack of sharp characterization (and it is likely that Mr. Falstein had this for his purpose)

—*Arni.*

Louis Falstein — "Time unrolls like a scroll."

there is a universalization of the experience. They must face it in common, the menace cannot be conquered, and they do not shape, they rather are shaped by it, so that after a while even Ben cannot see them as entities other than flight engineers, tail gunners, and navigators. Time looms all-important in this kind of existence, and I think the management of this time factor gives Mr. Falstein an affinity with a time-obsessed writer like Virginia Woolf (although their methods are entirely dissimilar, and no comparison is intended). For time unrolls like a scroll here, and the emotions of a lifetime can be crowded into six hours spent 20,000 feet above the earth. Time is fifty missions, too, and time halts until fifty missions are completed. And time spent in the air above flak-dotted areas leaves scars that to be scars do not need to show upon the flesh. This Mr. Falstein communicates, and since he communicates it honestly and well he is a writer to be taken seriously.

Pretender & Plots

MERCHANT OF THE RUBY. By Alice Harwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 445 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

CURIOUSLY, it is not the romanticists who produce the most enduring novels of the past but writers who are the most accurate historians and realists. Last year there were two examples of this kind of writing that came out of England, Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior," a story of the Norman Conquest, and Alice Harwood's "The Lily and the Leopard," a sound reconstruction of the much-abused and overwritten Tudor period, based on the life of Jane Grey, who was executed after being Queen for nine days.

Miss Harwood's latest novel, "Merchant of the Ruby," begins long before Jane Grey was born and ends with the reign of Henry VII, the first Tudor monarch. Both novels are embedded in a swirling tide of plots and counterplots, in which the stakes were fame and wealth on the one side and death on the other. It is this reviewer's opinion that "The Lily and the Leopard" is the better book, though that may be due to his greater familiarity with the years in England which served as its background. Miss Harwood has selected as the hero of her new novel a romantic and shadowy figure who was either Richard of York, rightful heir to the throne, supposed to have been murdered in childhood, or a fraudulent and lying pretender, whose right name was either Perkin Warbeck or Pierre, a noble but illegitimate son of Margaret of York, sister of the last Plantaganet king.

The Pretender, as he came to be named, married a beautiful Scottish princess, Catherine Gordon, who may or may not have been a cousin of King James of Scotland, depending on the name of the mother who bore her. The polygamous habits of kings and princes must have been cursed by every historian who has tried to present a true account of that bloody time, for it followed the confusion of the War of the Roses, in which supporters of the House of Lancaster and of York were pursuing or fleeing from each other over the English countryside.

Miss Harwood has a gift for giving reality to her historical figures. Both Edward and Queen Elizabeth have stature; the warrior who had fought for his throne is no less heroic when he is ruling England from his London palace surrounded by his legitimate and illegitimate children. His sister

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Margaret, with vast estates in France, sheltering the nameless blond boy presumed to have been her only child, is a tragic figure as she plans her revenge on Henry, the usurper of the throne.

The brief story of Richard Plantaganet, who sent to exile and death Edward's family and the men beside whom he had fought many an historic battle, is a revelation of the destruction of a brave man through his rage for power. Henry Tudor could be cruel when it was necessary to kill in order to maintain the line of legitimacy through his descendants. He would keep those who endangered it, however much he liked or pitied them, in the Tower for months or years before he called for the headsman; and their relatives were often allowed to live in peace and prosperity in his palace. He was, in a sense, just in an age when friendship and love were weaknesses that could destroy him and his own children.

There are too many plots in this book and too many characters, each one of whom could captain a novel. The book must be read in a more leisurely manner than most of the dashing historical romances to which we are accustomed.

Nevertheless it is a fine achievement, a model of its kind, except in Miss Harwood's study of the young Pretender, where she is forced to invent a mystery instead of following the written record of the past.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 374

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 374 will be found in the next issue.

LAF FGLPQKLPRQ RB

NXZLH PC LAF RZPDPQ

RB BXKLPRQ. ARZXKF

EXMNRMF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 373

Partnership is a symallagmatic and commutative participation in profits.

—CIVIL CODE OF LOUISIANA.

Fiction Notes

SHADOW OF A CLOUD, by Charley Robertson. Harcourt, Brace. $3. Mr. Robertson tells of a young Kentucky lad who has come to work in the automobile factories in Detroit, and to suffer at the same time some of the agonies of growing up. He is also by way of becoming a writer, so that the pains of growth are somewhat alleviated (as they always are in the case of an artist) by his ability to look in the mirror as he suffers, watching the changes and remembering them for future reference.

Paul Worden lives with two other fellows, Max and Harry, in a Detroit rooming house. His adventures with them form the physical surface of the story, while running underneath is the subtler stream of self-consciousness. Max is fast and smooth of tongue, a woman-killer, who possesses in turn both of the girls Paul's fancy has turned to. Paul hates him and loves him, too, in an ambivalence never to be resolved until Max's death. Harry is whimsical, writes tunes, plays a guitar. He has no part in the story actually until he is killed in an accident when the three undertake a desperate venture in running illicit liquor from down home in Kentucky to the Detroit market. From this point the tale veers off into melodrama and never really returns to the contemplative plane of its beginnings. Paul the dreamer is forced into the role of Paul the resourceful man, and fits too loosely there.

The calculated mechanics of plot — all this liquor running and night-club politics and the melodramatics around the girl Eva—work against the achievement of the book's real theme: the story of Paul. He is shrunken in stature by the triviality of the things he does and the words he speaks, so that he seems to us at least no dreamer, no writer at all, but just a little shiftless and often brainless guy in Detroit. The story of youth and growth may and will be told a thousand times; but it must have, each time, a distinction and a vision of its own. Here these are lacking. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT, by Timothy Angus Jones. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. In spite of warnings from critics in every country, youthful novelists—Mr. Jones, we are told, was born in 1924—persist in one fatal mistake: writing a novel, with an obvious tinge of autobiography, in the first person. The excessively callow, immature hero of this light fiction, Barnaby Surrey, is never for a moment plausible as the recorder of his own social and erotic adventures. He is a continuously frustrated amorist from whom we have no good reason to suspect more than one or two coherent sentences, let alone a rather glib, talkative novel.

Barnaby comes to Paris to take up work at the foreign office of a firm which had employed him in London. He is twenty years old. He has introductions to various people in Paris; and we meet him first when he calls on the Comtesse de Valois, a lady who receives in bed at the Ritz Hotel. He never presents any other of his letters, nor sees much of the Comtesse de Valois because in her room he meets an old school acquaintance, Thomas, who introduces him to *them*. And they consume Barnaby's time and interests. *They* are a group of exiled royalties: a king, his mistress, his queen (met only on the telephone), his son- and daughter-in-law.

The story is, to put it vulgarly, of Barnaby bumming about with these very boring people in various Parisian haunts and down on the Côte d'Azur. It is hard to retain one's interest in a pilgrimage so banal, so banausic. A pleasant American woman is introduced, but Caroline, too, joins the crowd and disappoints Barnaby and us. It is only fair to say that Mr. Jones shows promise as a writer, especially in dialogue, and that if he can find a subject he may yet give us a good novel. —R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

VINEGAR HILL, by Franklin Coen. Rinehart. $3. Although the title page assures me that this book was published in 1950, I find it hard to believe. It has a curiously old-fashioned air about it, like an NRA Blue Eagle. Once more that well-flogged scapegoat—the South—is worked over: racial intolerance, crooked politics, backwardness, and ignorance. Except for a few straw men, designed by the author for our approval, scorn and contumely are heaped on the heads of all the other whites. That there are racial intolerance, crooked politics, backwardness, and ignorance in the

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South I don't for a moment doubt. But the South, no matter what contemporary American literature may say, has no corner on them; and they might even be found in Soviet Russia, though I hold my arm over my head and duck, expecting a blow, as I suggest it.

The story is framed and rigged from the start. It has no naturalness of movement and causes no suspension of disbelief in the reader. The characters are puppets and are jerked this way and that by the author for purposes of his own. We even have the heroine —with black eyes and blonde hair, very intriguing—who, though beautiful and desirable, hops into bed with the first available man. This is a stock fantasy of authors of our time and must have caused over the years severe pangs of disappointment to a generation of male novel readers, who in real life discovered that it was actually very difficult to get a beautiful girl to give them a date, even.

As for what happens: a tired, old statesman, say, somewhat like Cordell Hull, returns to his native heath, which is not the Deep South, apparently, but maybe Tennessee, to finish out his remaining years in a mansion the citizens of his home town, after considerable thought and trouble, have fixed up for him. He is pictured as an ungrateful old dog, who sneers at their efforts.

The Old Statesman, through no fault of his own except perhaps bad timing, runs into a hornets' nest in his home town, which includes the murder of a dissident young veteran by the sheriff of the county—a trumped-up and almost comically implausible episode; seduction of a young Negro girl by another official, a deputy sheriff; an angry mob of farmers marching on the Cote House—election riots, knife fights . . . all the "Southern" novels of our time rolled into one!

And the Old Statesman, the Cabinet Officer, the Maker of Treaties, one of the Big Men of America, gets right into the middle of this local brawl (though he is pushing eighty and pictured as sick, tired, and cynical) and, seeing the light at last, emerges with flying colors.

A likely story.

—W. R. Burnett.

DON GAUCHO, by Alyce Pollock and Ruth Goode. McGraw-Hill. $3. This historical romance, the work of two North American women, has for its theme the vital part played in the winning of Argentine independence by the legendary horsemen who are the favorite figures of their country's literature. Picturesque in appearance and costume, their effective use of

(*Continued on page* 36)

Ideas and Studies.

"Western man," writes Geoffrey Bruun in reviewing Crane Brinton's "Ideas and Men," "has run through a strange gamut of beliefs in his attempt to build himself a mansion of intellectual security amid the winds of doctrine and of fate." Brinton's book is a lively and lucid survey of those beliefs from ancient times to the present deserving the attention of every intellectually curious reader. And where does man go from here? Charles Francis Potter has charted a course in "Creative Personality," using the theories of Dr. R. M. Bucke as a basis, while Norbert Wiener in "The Human Use of Human Beings" shows more concern for science and technology. Two other new books treat an even more basic question, the nature of knowledge itself: Ernst Cassirer's "The Problem of Knowledge" (reviewed on page 18) is an arrestingly original survey, while P. D. Ouspensky's "In Search of the Miraculous" offers a strange thesis that could easily become the bible for a new cult (see page 17).

Western Climates of Opinion

IDEAS AND MEN: The Story of Western Thought. By Crane Brinton. New York: Prentice-Hall. 587 *pp.* $6.

By Geoffrey Bruun

THIS sprightly intellectual history combines virtues so seldom united in a single volume that it demands a triple classification. It is an entertaining popular survey of the development of Western thought, suited to the tastes of the intelligent general reader. It is an independent, critical inquiry into the nature and validity of successive cosmologies, the "climates of opinion" through which European man passed from classical times to the present. Finally, with its admirable reading lists, lucid style, and systematic exposition, it could serve as a text for college courses, though it has none of the forbidding aspects that make too many history textbooks a dull grind.

To achieve a style adapted to all three aims and sustain it for more than 500 pages is an exceptional feat in itself. Professor Brinton's prose is so buoyant and so pellucid the reader has no fear even when he is carried beyond his depth. Many of the philosophical problems debated—the "Big Questions"—have daunted the sages of three millennia. They have received no ultimate elucidation and they are not resolved here. What these pages do make clear is why leaders of thought in successive centuries proposed variant answers, and why those answers satisfied some generations and ceased to satisfy others.

Western man has run through a strange gamut of beliefs in his attempt to build himself a mansion of intellectual security amid the winds of doctrine and of fate. As he thought in his heart so was he. No system of belief once widely accepted can be a matter of indifference to the student of intellectual history. To re-examine each critically is to recreate, as nearly as we may, the moods and motives of those precursors who formed and transformed the intellectual mansion that shelters us today.

Brinton evaluates all the important schools of thought and all the major thinkers from the Pentateuch to Positivism, from Anaximander to Einstein. They leap so lightly upon the page, are characterized so distinctly, that there is leisure to learn their relation to their own and later times, even to gauge the extent of our knowledge about them, how well it has withstood the abrasion of the years, and how much it has been re-edited. In a feast so rich one grows greedy for extra helpings—on rhetoric as a discipline in classical and medieval education, for instance, or the revolution in thought that opened the present century when "philosophy took its revenge on phy-

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sics." But this is a book to open vistas, not to close debates, and the inviting reading lists are at hand to lure the curious on.

In general, Brinton's judgments respect the current historical dogmas. But he is never afraid to challenge *obiter dicta* and some of his verdicts will raise dust in the forum as well as the seminar. He makes a distinction, for example, between what he terms noncumulative and cumulative knowledge. Noncumulative knowledge he exemplifies by citing literature, on which there has been "no clear and certain increase in knowledge" since Greek times. "As for noncumulative knowledge, our culture is an almost incredible palimpsest in which nothing is ever suddenly or *wholly* blotted out." Cumulative knowledge, on the other hand, as represented by astronomy or physics, has grown in scope and certainty and contains a core all scientists accept as true. This thesis is defended much more subtly and persuasively than a bald summary can suggest, but it is safe to assert that many readers will dispute the advantage of a superior type of certitude that it attributes to the truths of natural science.

A second demurrer will undoubtedly be raised by champions of the Renaissance. Brinton believes that the Middle Ages have been underrated. In addition to the noble philosophical synthesis crowned by Aquinas, they fostered important technological advances and laid a foundation for the rise of modern science. The Renaissance and the Reformation were conservative rather than creative movements. Neither was democratic nor forward-looking nor particularly favorable to science. The humanists were "vainer and more worldly schoolmen" and "hardly any easily recognized, single, external sign will clearly differentiate medieval art from Renaissance art." When stated so unequivocally, the author concedes, such statements are overexaggerated. But he does not retract them.

For Brinton is persuaded that, while modern Western culture was formed between the fifteenth and the eighteenth century, it was the Enlightenment that "*radically altered* Christian belief." Our contemporary world view, our scientific civilization, is thus less than three centuries old, although its intellectual roots, and some of its most essential concepts and disciplines, reach back two or three thousand years.

Only a leisurely reading of this scholarly, sane, and stimulating survey can give a really just idea of its vitality, freshness, originality, and charm.

The Cybernetic Way of Life

THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS. By Norbert Wiener. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 241 pp. $3.

By Mark Starr

CYBERNETICS, applied in this book to our current problems by its chief proponent, Norbert Wiener, has not yet found a place in the dictionaries. However, it is not likely to parallel the rapid rise and fall of Howard Scott's technocracy and we should do well to study carefully modern developments in "communication and control in the man and the machine."

In the Second Industrial Revolution, in which we are now living, machines check machines. The photoelectric cell opens the door for us at Pennsylvania Station in New York City and can count the number of people who pass. The airplane gun automatically finds its target. The Robots of Karel Capek have arrived.

Calculating machines, which cost millions of dollars, carry through jobs of sorting and calculation beyond the reach of any single mind. Here are machines which can communicate with machines, learn from their mistakes, and make forecasts. Men, like gods, can make machines which can make machines which excel the physical and mental feats of man himself.

The grave problems opened up by these recent developments are the subject of Mr. Wiener's thought-provoking thesis: "that society can only be understood through a study of the messages and the communication facilities which belong to it; and that in the future development of these messages and communications, messages between man and machine, between machine and man, and between machine and machine are destined to play an ever-increasing role."

On the whole, he "views with alarm" in his encyclopedic survey, replete with illustrations from many fields of knowledge within and without his special competence. He refers to the "very tenuous opportunities for a considerable period of human survival" and thinks that "the immediate future of society is dangerous and dark." Those who stole and squandered the national riches of the United States are exalted in the theories of free enterprise as their creators. The industrialists, in exploiting new means and methods "have very few inhibitions when it comes to taking all the profit out of an industry that there is to be taken and then letting the public pick up the pieces." When, to make Aristotle's dream come true, the machine directs and feeds itself, for disemployed human workers "the Depression of the Thirties will seem a pleasant joke."

Norbert Wiener—"the Depression of the Thirties will seem a pleasant joke."

Mr. Wiener doubts our ability to meet the threatening situation created by "the lowered water-table of the soil." Attempts to store information as a commodity are to him dangerous and impossible. "There is no Maginot line of the brain." Science, in producing defensive weapons, also produces more dangers.

Mass media extend quantity at the expense of quality. Do not, pleads Mr. Wiener, be blind to the excellent work in that triumph of invention, the vacuum tube, because it has been "given over to the soap opera and the hillbilly singer and its great civilizing possibilities . . . perverted into a national medicine show."

In literature "the young writer who has something to say, and who some day is going to say it well, now has no market for his manuscripts during precisely the stage when he needs it most." Education is bankrupt and thus in no position to remedy the situation. The schools send to the colleges and universities only "drab mediocrity." Some make good as specialists and those who become artists and literary men and have no time for proper apprenticeship "generally become critics." Mr. Wiener believes that "the great source of intellects for the future, if not intellectuals, is the body of men trained for a profession like engineering or medicine or natural science—professions demanding in-

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tellectual stamina and encouraging intellectual curiosity." But these must be given entry into the social sciences and to literature through "the understanding interest of teachers with a sociological or literary bent already acquainted with scientific methods and habits of thought." At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology there is, Mr. Wiener asserts, an attempt to evoke the whole man—scholar, artist, and man of action.

All these new advances need the *know-what* and the *know-why* as well as the *know-how*. Mr. Wiener criticizes "the voices of rigidity" as represented by the Fascist, the Jesuit, and the Communist and their totalitarian methods and beliefs. He warns us against adopting GPU methods or inventing a new Inquisition by way of teachers' oaths and Congressional committees. "Give us the freedom to face facts as they are," writes Mr. Wiener in his second chapter, and his concluding hope is "that it is still possible to reverse the tide of the moment and to create a future America in which man can live and grow to be a human being in the fullest and richest sense of the word."

Mark Starr is educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. During 1946 he was Inglis lecturer at Harvard on "Labor Looks at Education."

Maritime Law for the Uninitiated

THE LAW OF THE SEA. By William McFee. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 318 pp. $3.75.

By Robert G. Albion

THERE has long been a need of books like this to explain to the layman just how things work in the world of shipping. The cooperative volume "Trade Winds," edited by C. Northcote Parkinson, helped to fill the gap last year by analyzing the manifold aspects of British shipping in the Napoleonic era. Now the gifted William McFee has done a splendid job in clarifying the subject of maritime law in a manner that is at once comprehensive, clear, and highly readable.

William McFee was a most appropriate choice for the task of explaining maritime law to the uninitiated. To the literary skill which made his "Casuals of the Sea," "The Harbourmaster," and other works celebrated, he has the background of long, intimate contact with the actual workings of shipping, including six years in the engine rooms of tramp steamers early in the century. His "Watch Below" gives a picture, that cannot be duplicated, of those important but little-appreciated freighters.

Consequently, the McFee touch produces delightful results here when his thorough research into the technical side of sea law is translated into clear, nontechnical language and illustrated with scores of pertinent little case histories that show the sort of thing that could happen in connection with each branch of the subject. The chapter on marine insurance, for instance, is rescued from potential dulness by example after example of attempts to defraud the underwriters.

In point of time, the study ranges from the ancient code of Rhodes to the recent efforts of the United Nations Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization. In scope, its topical arrangement covers a variety of subjects, from the prosaic but fundamental matters of charter parties and general average, through bottomry and barratry, to piracy and mutiny.

The treatment demonstrates constantly that the law of the sea does not exist in a vacuum but at every turn is bound up closely with the manifold aspects of commerce, shipping, and navies. Along with an appreciation of admiralty law, the reader also gets a very generous understanding of general maritime activity, past and present.

The author emphasizes again and again that "custom invariably preceded law on the sea and law was formulated for a long time before there was any code." He also reiterates that, like shipping itself, it is Janus-faced, with international and national aspects. In that connection he stresses the fact that the United States has been more nationalistic than many other nations in its shipping regulations. The American Merchant Marine subsidy policy comes in for some harsh criticisms.

Along with all that solid analysis and pertinent illustration are frequent apt phrases that stamp it as a McFee product. In discussing piracy, for instance, he develops the fact that "there could have been no black flag without a black market."

Altogether, thanks to McFee, if every man cannot become a full-fledged sea lawyer by reading this little volume, he can at least acquire a broad understanding of the law of the sea and derive real pleasure from the process.

Robert G. Albion, who is professor of history at Harvard University, is author of "Forests and Seapower" and other books.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ANAGRAMMED POEMS AND POETS

Clare Ames, of Colombo, Ceylon, submits twenty anagrams of famous poems and their writers. Allowing five points for each combination you can decipher, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. STATELY FISH MEET NO THRALL	TESSA R. TWILCORT
2. WAIT! HA! HA!	HELEN FLORYL GOWN
3. OH! SITUAR	C. SAMUAL O'MATHAY
4. LETH LEAVES GET DRIED	MELVIL THOSGROID
5. NAGUDNIG	PILUR GRADYKIND
6. A CAB IN A SAC	MAISIE FLANCHE
7. ROSA PHILDASHER	MAUN O'SHEA
8. NUTS FOR HEATHEN KNIGHT	LILAC ORR WELS
9. EVEN HART	NOALLA PAREDGE
10. RIGHT TEE	KEILAW BALLIM
11. DO NOTHING AT A LIEGE	J. SHAKETON
12. I DO SPARE SALT	JIM LONNOTH
13. THINE PALE HIPPO FRIED ME	BORROW GRITBENN
14. COME HITHER, MERTIN, ANN FEAR TIE	LUCILLE MARYA GOODTREES
15. I REIN MOMMA	LAYTON FENDSERN
16. EXTRA FOR HENDY	DELAJE FISHMON
17. WON ON BUDS	HANJI, THE FLOWERING TREE
18. PHONING JIL	APRIL W. McEILOW
19. CATCH EEL FOR PUREE	KEWPIE LASARIS HAMEL
20. LETHO RIDES	PETER KORBOUR

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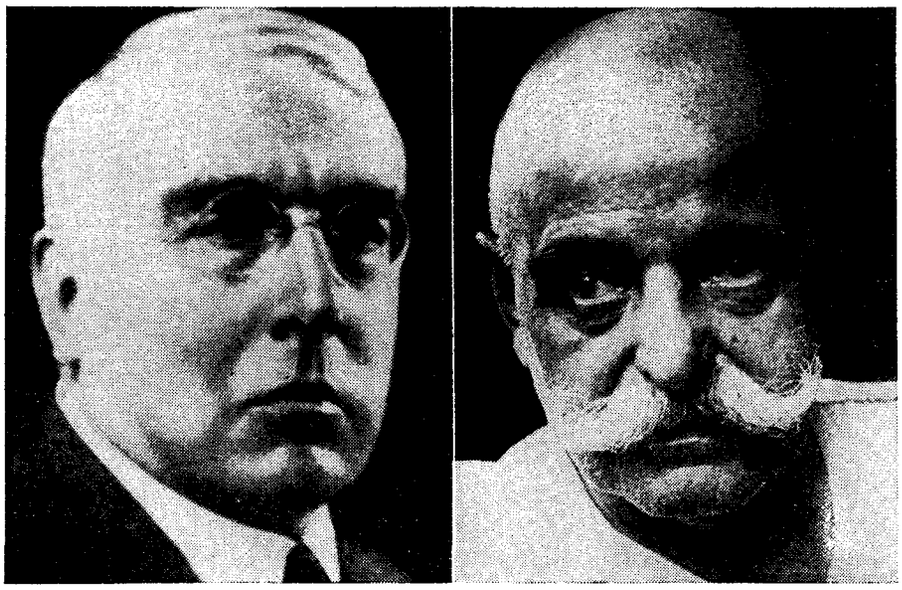

P. D. Ouspensky and G. I. Gurdjieff—"there is no progress."

Mankind Asleep in a Prison

IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS. By P. D. Ouspensky. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 399 pp. $5.

By Gorham Munson

"IN SEARCH of the Miraculous" is what the book trade calls a "selling title." A truer descriptive title for Ouspensky's work would be "In Search of Reality." Ouspensky was thirty-six years old in 1914, when his search begins in this book. Two years earlier he had written "Tertium Organum," which exerted a powerful influence on at least one American poet and one American novelist, both of stature. And three years before "Tertium Organum" he had made a contribution to mathematical theory with a book on the fourth dimension. Mention of these works prepares us for his admission that by 1914 he had discovered life to be a "labyrinth of contradictions" from which there was no escape except by a new way, unknown to him. He had concluded that a film of false reality separated man from true reality, and had defined the miraculous as a penetration to true reality. A miracle would then be, as he says later, not a violation of laws known to man but a manifestation of laws unknown to man.

In 1914, in Moscow, Ouspensky met and questioned a Caucasian Greek named G. I. Gurdjieff, and it seemed to him that Gurdjieff "put much more into each answer than I had asked for." "In Search of the Miraculous" is in part about the man Gurdjieff but mostly about Gurdjieff's ideas on man-machines and conscious men, which the book's subtitle sums up as "fragments of an unknown teaching." In the end Ouspensky narrates that he separated from the man Gurdjieff but remained faithful to his ideas.

The glimpses he gives of the enigmatic Gurdjieff are fascinating. Gurdjieff had lived many years in the East and had been trained in esoteric schools. He could play many roles expertly: he was an excellent mechanic, a rug dealer, a marvelous cook, a musician, a poet, an instructor in complicated dance movements, and on one occasion an "oil king from Baku" completely fooling a famous Russian journalist. He had an astonishing capacity for work, slept short hours, and seemed tireless. But it was the ideas of Gurdjieff that mainly attracted Ouspensky, and these are here for the first time given a lengthy exposition in print.

It is impossible in a short review to do more than indicate part of the nature of these ideas. From one point of view, we may call them a challenge to modern Western science, philosophy, art, and religion. Western religion, it is stated, has strayed far from its sources and frequently opposes its original impulses. Western art is entirely subjective; in it there is nothing invariable and all is accidental. Western philosophy? Well, "if Kant had introduced the idea of scale into his arguments many things he wrote would be very valuable." And Western science? It usually holds that the moon is a dead planet. Gurdjieff affirms that it is a planet in birth. Western physics adheres to the proposition of the continuity of vibrations—although some physicists are beginning to shake this proposition. Gurdjieff affirms the discontinuity of vibrations. The Western theory of evolution is mistaken; there is no progress.

In describing Ouspensky's book as a challenge I am giving a wrong idea of its spirit. There is no spirit of controversy in it. I wish only to indicate that it is a very provocative book that can lead to a complete reassessment of what a reader takes to be his knowledge. On the positive side, the Gurdjieff system here presented is a method of self-study for people remaining in their ordinary life-circumstances coupled with an outline of a cosmology. Gurdjieff claims no originality for his teaching but attributes it to ancient sources. Since such a description will prejudice some people against the book, it will not be amiss if I add that the oral exposition of Gurdjieff's ideas in London by Ouspensky and in New York by A. R. Orage attracted as serious students a number of persons with a public reputation for skepticism. Ouspensky includes an interview with Katherine Mansfield on her faith in the Gurdjieff system.

My personal impression of "In Search of the Miraculous" is that it is an immense book giving a gloomy picture of mankind asleep in a prison and pointing to a long, hard way of waking up to a higher state of being. I have omitted mention of a number of sensational statements because out of context they would be incredible.

Poem for a Child

By Eric Wilson Barker

IF EARTH can still forgive,
If we have not undone
Her proven powers to bless
Beneath the moon and sun
Even those whose murderous hands
Have torn the very womb
That gave them birth and love
And sacked their own quiet tomb
Like wolves before they died—
May you have healing hands
To sow for spring's green tide,
To knit with grass and leaves
The wounds in breast and side,
And perhaps the poisoned wine,
The stale and bitter bread
Will be made pure again
As when first creatures came
Down from the dawn-quiet hills,
And Eve with ardent eyes
From sleep first raised her head.

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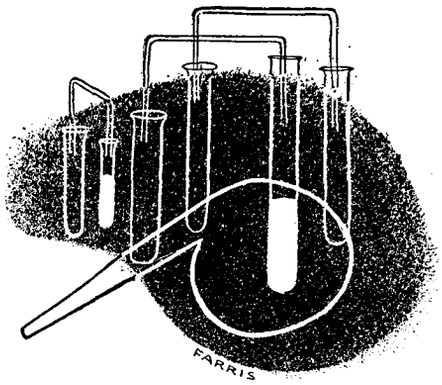
Science Critique

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE. By Ernst Cassirer. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 334 *pp.* $5.

By JOHN R. EVERETT



FOR THOSE who have received their training from standard histories of philosophy, this posthumous work of Ernst Cassirer's will be all but impossible; for those who have had no training in philosophy, but who bring a keen, analytical mind, this book will be difficult and rewarding; and for those who have read with care the documents left by the great and near-great in philosophy, "The Problem of Knowledge" will be sheer delight.

In this book Professor Cassirer took upon himself the task of presenting a survey of the most technical and baffling problem in modern philosophy. The answer to the question of the nature and origin of knowledge has never been easy, but the development of science in the last hundred years has made it infinitely more complicated. Even to begin a discussion a person must be well versed in the details of science since Galileo and the post-Cartesian philosophical discussions. There are, therefore, very few people in any discipline today who are adequately prepared for the task. Cassirer was certainly one of these.

Anyone who reads this book will clearly understand why the author says that "the era of the great constructive programs, in which philosophy might hope to systematize and organize all knowledge, is past and gone." The special sciences have developed their own modes of procedure and their own peculiar methods for determining truth. These methods and the results they gain are so diverse and separate as to make a contemporary "Summa" impossible. The philosopher of today must carry out his other historic task, which is found in the "demand for synthesis and synopsis, for survey and comprehensive view." The philosopher can no longer assume the role of leader; he must now recognize that he is dependent upon the different scientific disciplines which proceed by their own inherent logic.

As a consequence, when Cassirer views the present state of the theory of knowledge he finds that there is not a single theory but as many single forms "as there are scientific disciplines and interests." A critique of knowledge is, therefore, a criticism of *special* sciences in their own terms rather than in terms of generalized metaphysical theory.

With the tools supplied by a lifetime of diligent and brilliant study, Cassirer does this in "The Problem of Knowledge." He considers in order the exact sciences, the biological sciences, and finally the historical sciences. In each case his amazingly perceptive mind indicates the often unexamined assumptions of the practitioners in each area. He shows where they are likely to go on the basis of their presently held foundations, as well as how these foundations were laid. In each case Cassirer remains true to his own ideal: he is an analyst and not a speculator.

The reason that this book will be almost impossible for those who have learned philosophy from textbooks is that Cassirer was a great creative historian. He has seen more deeply into the men and movements of the past hundred years than any writer of textbook philosophy. Those who come to this book with the semidigested opinions of the usual historian of philosophy will find only the names familiar. The rest will be incisively different.

John R. Everett, formerly a member of the philosophy department of Columbia University, is now president of Hollins College.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel": Sir Walter Scott. 2. "Hiawatha": Henry Longfellow. 3. "Horatius": Thomas Macaulay. 4. "The Deserted Village": Oliver Goldsmith. 5. "Gunga Din": Rudyard Kipling. 6. "Casabianca": Felicia Hemans. 7. "A Shropshire Lad": A. E. Housman. 8. "The Hunting of the Snark": Lewis Carroll. 9. "The Raven": Edgar Allan Poe. 10. "The Tiger": William Blake. 11. "Ode to a Nightingale": John Keats. 12. "Paradise Lost": John Milton. 13. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin": Robert Browning. 14. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner": Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 15. "In Memoriam": Alfred Tennyson. 16. "Reynard the Fox": John Masefield. 17. "Snowbound": John Greenleaf Whittier. 18. "John Gilpin": William Cowper. 19. "The Rape of Lucrece": William Shakespeare. 20. "The Soldier": Rupert Brooke.

Cosmic Consciousness

CREATIVE PERSONALITY. By Charles Francis Potter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

By H. A. OVERSTREET

FIFTY years ago, in 1901, to be exact, a Canadian physician, Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, published a book of profound evolutionary insight which he called "Cosmic Consciousness." The book received little notice in his day; nor has it since had more than a handful of readers. But in it was set down a theory of man's further growth that is as startling in its evolutionary implications as it is clarifying for the problems of our present life.

Dr. Bucke traced the evolutionary stages, or crisis points, through which life has passed on this earth: first, the appearance of life itself; second, the appearance of simple consciousness; third, the appearance of self-consciousness. Now the fourth crisis point, he showed, is upon us: the coming, among the advanced members of the race, of what he called "cosmic consciousness."

Dr. Potter's book is a devoted rerendering and finely intelligent elaboration and modernization of this evolutionary thesis. He prefers to call his own book "Creative Personality," for the reason, no doubt, that "Cosmic Personality" would sound too presumptuous and occult. Indeed the book might then be mistaken for a treatise on the Lord of the Universe. There is justification for his title in the subject matter itself, for this emerging type of consciousness, wherever it appears among the great ones of earth, is found to be of a type so far beyond the limitations of our average self-conscious selves that it exhibits a creative power unknown on lower levels of conscious life.

Each crisis point in the evolution of consciousness marked a revolution in life. "The fourth," writes Dr. Potter, "will so change existence for mankind that it is difficult for us now to conceive of the new era-to-be."

In both books the case for this next evolutionary stage is made by examining a number of outstanding personalities who have appeared in the history of the race. Dr. Bucke lists fourteen of these; Dr. Potter adds fifteen. In all of these rare persons—each of whom made a deep impression on man's history—experiences of an identical nature are recorded. Dr. Bucke notes eleven of these "marks of the Cosmic Sense"; Dr. Potter reduces them to nine. The study of these is of absorbing interest, as any

(*Continued on page* 33)

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—CBS.

Lyman Bryson, Sen. Robert A. Taft, Sen. Paul H. Douglas—"egos forgotten."

Dialing Civilization

KATHLEEN SPROUL

IN ITS ten-year span of existence "Invitation to Learning" has acquired a variety of descriptive epithets. M. Lincoln Schuster, lively and peripatetic president of Simon & Schuster, calls the CBS program "C.Q. —Civilization Quotient." Rival broadcasters once good-naturedly labeled it "Columbia's Hour of Silence." An irritated savant charged it with being "Imitation of Learning." A radio columnist described it as "the only program that uses a lorgnette instead of a microphone." South Jersey farmers voted it their favorite Sunday listening. And Lyman Bryson, "Invitation's" permanent moderator chairman, wrote in a *New York Times* article in 1947, ". . . Plato and Abelard, surely these two, and possibly St. Augustine and Tolstoy and Confucius also, would have enjoyed being on the program if they could have lived in a time like ours."

Under whatever epithet, two remarkable facts hold good about "Invitation to Learning," heard now each Sunday from 12:00 to 12:30 P.M., New York time. The first fact is that this summer it has started on its second decade. For more than ten years, beginning in May 1940, a major broadcasting company has maintained an unsponsored program that appeals to a small per cent only of the masses for which radio is purportedly intended. Such programs are known as "public service." They could also be interpreted as a broadcasting company's debt—the interest-dividend owed the public for the capital it provides advertisers.

William S. Paley, CBS board chairman, makes a distinction between radio as a mass medium that must "serve" the masses and a medium that must also serve the specialized needs of minority groups—minority, that is, in interests. He stresses that the latter function is secondary, though he is firm that the secondary needs must be filled. Should such a distinction be allowed? In a democracy there would seem to be an obligatory responsibility to construe "the masses" as a "group of groups." Hence, the word "minority" would be out, just as the word "tolerant" would have no justified usage in a really tolerant society. Actually, there is no such thing as a "mass subject" if that means something "the masses" will all greet with equal enthusiasm at the same time. The radio-rating companies, Hooper and Crossley, have tried to prove that there is; but I have always suspected there might be a great deal of profit, both financial and moral, in giving to more of the natural segments of the mass more subjects that each could greet with its own special enthusiasm.

Radio executives are usually allergic to such suggestions. But that does not necessarily prove the idea's worthlessness.

AS DEVOTEES of "Invitation to Learning" know, the program is a discussion of books that "the world thus far has not been willing or able to let die."

It is unrehearsed, except for a brief preliminary period of warm-up discussion among the guests and Bryson—a little like batting practice on a baseball field. It has roved over the whole field of literature, which it aims to explore for our present illumination; it admits no barrier of space or time or prejudice if there has been wisdom somewhere to be found. At its best, it is like chamber music, which in its highest manifestation achieves a community of its separate parts into a momentary whole; at its worst it is very dull, a display of erudition by experts who cannot listen creatively but only vie with each other to pour forth words. More often than not it approaches its best: the pattern of cooperative discussion, where men sit around a table together and listen to each other. People at such a moment are at peace. With egos forgotten, for an instant, there is asserted what man may be, by virtue of his disciplined emotions and his intellect, if he tries.

CBS maintenance of the half hour has held through many changes and problems of the program, and with quite evident pride, even though the listening audience has never averaged more than a million, except for those rare occasions when a figure of extraordinary public interest has been a participant. A million people are a lot of people. Biblical writers would have specified the number as a multitude. But since there are more than 35,000,000 radio homes in this country, with a presumable family of listeners to each set, a million listeners in broadcasting terms are as insignificant as is the flight at Kitty Hawk compared with the zoom of a supersonic plane. Just the same, Wilbur and Orville Wright soared farther than the Old Gray Mare ever dreamed of doing. I mentioned Mr. Schuster's insistence that the listeners to "In-

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vitation" are an index to American civilization. In this light one might find a million listeners in a country whose 1950 census recorded 150,000,000 people a depressingly low estimate of the civilized. But as Mr. Schuster also says: "If anything like this had happened in ancient Greece or during the Renaissance, scholars and historians would write home about it. Here it's a part of the radio routine, and the students of our civilization don't get nearly excited enough about it."

And it is true that the "students"—the intellectuals of our times—have accorded scant attention to the program, including even some of those who have been participants. There has been, all along, a curious lack of cross reference in literary reviews and magazines, as if this on-the-spot attempt to keep alive the best of earlier cultures, the earmarks of them let us say, was not quite valid or respectable since it was done through a popular medium that is one of the essential earmarks of our own century. Yet, as Lyman Bryson once pointed out, "the number of people who listen to 'Invitation' every week is probably greater than the number of copies manufactured of almost any of the books discussed." Certain magazines have at various times indicated loftily that "Invitation" was not significant enough to be treated in their pages; they should perhaps do a little calculating about the discrepancy between their circulation figures and that weekly million. It might be helpfully significant if they examined the makeup of that listening audience and tried a bit of analysis on what makes it listen to men discussing something that even the most highbrow editor would say was a dead duck—as far as circulation goes.

WHICH brings me to the second of the facts that appear remarkable about this radio program—Lyman Bryson. There is, I believe, no other program on the air so thoroughly an extension of one man's personality as this one. There have been many other great men connected with it, as chairmen and as participants, as well as such devoted CBS staff members as George Crothers, present producer, and Leon Levine, director of discussion broadcasts. But it is Lyman Bryson's steady enthusiasm for the idea from the beginning that has created a warm halo around what might have been merely a spate of cold words. Without this personal warmth I doubt if the project could have survived to its decade. And the value here, which I said earlier some magazines might well analyze, is Bryson's firm *enjoyment* of the program. His participation has had the authentic authority of personal pleasure and belief—which is the only kind of participation, I suspect, that can be successfully shared.

To a book published by Harper a few years ago and edited by Dr. Louis Finkelstein, "American Spiritual Autobiographies," Bryson contributed a brief self-portrait in the third person. Here one finds many clues along what seems to become a straight path to "Invitation to Learning." Born in Nebraska, he was very early conscious of the role of the Middle-Western frontier women who struggled to establish their own way of civilization in places "where there was only habitation. These women built into the ideals of their sons the love of building." In himself this took the form of a strong, but at first shapeless, ambition to better the lives of people. He had early from his mother "a very deeply implicit faith in the power of beautiful words to coerce somehow the social good. . . . The boy lived by it, and as a man still does."

There followed college, a newspaper fling, some study of law, then a teaching job at the University of Michigan. After educational work with the International Red Cross in Europe following World War I he went to California and began, rather casually, to work in adult education. To his own surprise, since he had not yet understood where that aforesaid faith was to lead, he found he was being spoken of as an adult-education authority. In 1932 he became leader of John Studebaker's Adult Education Forums of the Des Moines public schools. The pattern was emerging.

In 1934 he moved to Columbia University as professor of education at Teachers College; his lectures were the sort that students invited their friends to hear. In 1939 Columbia Broadcasting System, always somewhat more conscious of its public responsibility than the other networks, organized an Adult Education Board and asked Bryson to be chairman. Stringfellow Barr, then president of St. John's College and a member of the Board, was full of his "best books" idea. At an early meeting he suggested that "best books" should go on the air. And on May 26, 1940, with a discussion of the United States Constitution led by Mr. Barr, "Invitation to Learning" began. (Other participants were Huntington Cairns, Andrew Chiappe, and Helen Hull Miller.) The broadcast originated in Washington, the temperature was 115 degrees, and the air conditioner in the studio had broken down. Perspiration, perhaps, flowed more liberally than ideas.

In the record of the program's first few years Bryson's name figures only infrequently. But it was always fundamentally his child. In the autumn of 1941, when he took a sabbatical from Columbia University, Paley asked him to organize a CBS committee to study the postwar world. In 1942 he became director of education for CBS. His position at CBS has always been unique. There is an implicit law that radio administrators are not heard on the air. But Bryson likes above all things to talk; he stipulated from the beginning that he didn't intend to let any title shut him up, and he had his way. Three years ago, after a stint in Europe as special adviser to UNESCO, he told Paley he was tired of administrative work. So his present title was invented: Councilor on Public Affairs, which can and does mean anything he or CBS wants it to.

Late in 1947, on return from Europe, he took over "Invitation" as presiding chairman, and has held the chair ever since, except for short intervals. He seems to be the ideal moderator. His own ease, based on his fundamental, eager curiosity about and respect for the ideas of other men, promotes ease in participants. His habitual ability to see rounded wholes, to sum philosophically divergent views into a total re-creation is usually sufficient to make a true conversation. And out of that conversation there stems the prime characteristic of the program: participation. You mark it when you talk to the men who have been chairmen at various times through the years—Huntington Cairns (now curator of the National Gallery in Washington), Mark Van Doren, Irwin Edman. And you see it again in the fan mail. Even when a listener writes as an angry critic, he is angry because this is something of *his*. Of a discussion on Nietzsche an Ohio woman wrote, "It almost forced words from my mouth to an empty room," and her letter continued in a long essay on Nietzsche and political philosophies. A hard-rock miner in Utah loves the program, even if he doesn't understand all of it. Farmers and their wives say they always arrange their Sunday tasks so they can listen. From upstate New York a woman wrote, "'Invitation' makes me feel more alive, much more *resourceful*. Don't ever go off the air!" Many listeners asked for scripts, formerly seldom sent out, so that they might "review" the discus-

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sions. Since April of this year, listeners may subscribe to the scripts in pamphlet form.

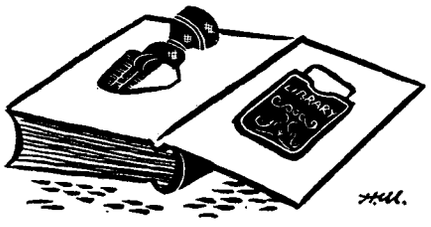
It is this faith in giving and receiving that is so remarkable. To be sure, there are dull spots. To be sure, there are millions of people who never heard of "Invitation" or if they have, don't care. But the point is that for those who do listen, or for those who may make a new discovery, it is good and valuable. And quite serenely Bryson never flags in his belief in that value himself.

"When are the intellectuals going to meet the challenge of broadcasting?" he asks, and states the unmet challenge as an obligation to know "something about broadcasting as a combination of new arts, to listen seriously, and to help *create* serious criticism." The lack of that serious criticism can account for a great deal of what everyone, intellectual or not, finds wrong with radio. "Who has told us how to measure excellence in either the documentary of force or the drama of created emotional theme in radio?" he queries. And he gets no answer.

There is, of course, one answer. Lyman Bryson himself has tried to measure excellence and to present a result of that measurement to any public who cares to listen. He has found the mass instrument of our times admirably suited to what he believes about freedom and the desire of man to know (a necessary accompaniment to freedom). He keeps cheerfully and skilfully pounding right on in his belief. It may irritate him that other men do not do likewise, but it never occurs to him to desist. Those who have been guests on the program and those who listen know that the belief is catching.

"If we believe in freedom," he says, "we have to have faith in man's creative powers because, in spite of so much sin and stupidity, he has created all there is and all the ideals of what may be. The Divine principle, which is another name for the meaning of the universe, God if you will, has no way that man can see of realizing anything that man can appreciate except through man."

"Invitation to Learning" is not by any means a perfect instrument, but it is an illuminating adventure and an attempt to give value to human reality in "real towns and on real land under weather and time."



NEW EDITIONS

THE TIME has come for another roundup of miscellaneous new editions and reprints, almost every one of which is worthy of far more space than can be granted here.

First, then, we have four volumes from the ancient, honorable, and always reliable Oxford University Press —James Woodforde's "The Diary of a Country Parson, 1758-1802" (World's Classics, $2.45), abridged by John Beresford; "The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold," edited by C. B. Tinker and H. F. Lowry (Oxford Standard Authors, $3); "Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson" (World's Classics, $1.10), selected and introduced by Stephen Gwynn, and Harold Nicolson's "Diplomacy" (Home University Library, $2). Readers who do not already know Parson Woodforde will find him a comfortable companion in this harassed age and his way of life one that is refreshing to share in retrospect. He lived like ourselves in greatly troubled times, but, as his editor says, the bulk of his story, recorded day by day, is concerned with "the daily life of the countryside . . . the tranquil procession of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, the placid life of the villages which no war can permanently interrupt or destroy." Matthew Arnold is, of course, very much a poet for the middle years of the twentieth century—his voice is still fresh, the doubts that vexed him are still unresolved, his aspirations are still with us—and the new Oxford Standard Authors edition is more satisfactory than its predecessor, edited by Quiller-Couch, which has served me since 1913. The improvement is largely in the arrangement and in the notation of variant readings; the few poems not to be found in the Quiller-Couch volume—one lamenting the death of a canary, another an elegy for a favorite dog—make this edition "complete," but they are trifles in comparison with Arnold's best and second-best work. The selections from Tennyson furnish ample proof, to those who require it, that the Victorian poet was a lord of language, a master of prosody, whose finest verse will survive any temporary neglect or fashionable disparagement. Mr. Nicholson's little book is a lucid, genial explanation of what international diplomacy is supposed to be, has been, and has very nearly ceased to be.

Recent additions to the Crofts Classics—and the first of this handy, paper-bound series to come my way —are Keats's "Selected Poems," edited by George H. Ford; Wordsworth's "Selected Poems," edited by George W. Meyer; Milton's "Samson Agonistes and Shorter Poems," edited by A. E. Barker; Molière's "The Would-Be Invalid," translated and edited by Morris Bishop, and Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," edited by Paul H. Kocher (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 35¢ each). The Keats and Wordsworth volumes have been judiciously compiled. It is possible to discover new beauties and fresh power in "Samson Agonistes" whenever one returns to it. Mr. Bishop has given us a lively translation—with traditional stage business—of one of the most amusing plays by one of the world's most amusing authors. And a rereading of "Faustus" in this edition confirms me in my old belief that the drama represents an almost incredible failure of creative imagination on the part of a poet of Marlowe's reputation and supposed genius.

FICTION newly introduced into the cheap reprint field includes Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" (Pocket Books, 25¢), George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" (Signet, 25¢), Remarque's "Arch of Triumph" (Signet, 35¢), W. R. Burnett's "The Asphalt Jungle" (Pocket, 25¢), Gore Vidal's "The City and the Pillar" (Signet, 25¢), and Philip Wylie's "Opus 21" (Pocket, 25¢). Maugham has never surpassed the novel that first won him worldwide fame. Orwell's fantastic, satirical tale of regimented life in England in 1984 is steadily interesting and finally horrifying, but its greatest value is in its analysis of the "party" mentality and conception of truth. "Arch of Triumph" is a good yarn that moves along easily just below the level of "serious" fiction. Mr. Burnett proves that he can still write a tough, suspenseful crime story; but he is beginning to suffer from the fact that he reads like an imitation of his imitators. And "Opus 21" is a continuation of Philip Wylie's notorious, somewhat incestuous, and highly entertaining love affair with his own intelligence.

Important new Mentor Book: Ortega y Gasset's "The Revolt of the Masses" (35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Yardstick for Survival

LET'S play with some assumptions for the moment.

Assumption No. 1: That the basic security and indeed the future of the United States as a democracy depend on the ability of the American people to win the good will, understanding, and support of the world's peoples outside the Soviet orbit.

Assumption No. 2: That this vital fact becomes so clearly defined for the average American that he regards it literally as a matter of life and death for himself as an individual no less than for the nation as a democracy.

Assumption No. 3: That Americans, accordingly, become acutely aware that everything they do or say should be measured according to its effect on the rest of the world, and that, indeed, this realization become a sort of yardstick for survival.

The first of these assumptions is now rapidly proving itself as historic fact. The struggle between America and Russia will be largely decided by the 1,750,000,000 people outside both countries. Most of those people are looking for a champion. They need and want a larger and fairer portion of the things that make a decent life possible. In short, land, food, freedom. Many of them look back upon hundreds of years of master-serf relationship—whether under colonialism or native rule. Most of them are yellow, black, and brown. They constitute an explosive and decisive force, and the turn they will take and the banner they will choose will dominate the shape of history in the years just ahead.

It remains to be seen whether assumptions 2 and 3—which would represent the logical and essential next steps—will actually happen. If by some miracle they do become true, however, then America could experience a transformation in its moral climate so profound and wondrous as to set fire to the imagination. For if we really believed that our safety and welfare rested on the firm principles of humanitarianism and mutuality, then there would be no end to the happy products of such a change. Many of the present fears, confusions, and doubts which have weighted down both our democratic and foreign policy would be resolved into a clear sense of purpose, for the true nature of the world struggle would then be sharply understood.

Concretely, what might happen if we really believed that our safety and welfare were tied to a total identification by America with the human community? Going back a year or two, it is possible that we might not have dumped millions of tons of potatoes at a time of widespread famine. We might not be procrastinating today over the proposal for aid to underdeveloped areas, particularly in the Far East. We might recognize the absurdity of the paradox that on the same day the papers told the story of proposals to spend upwards of one hundred millions of dollars on American propaganda, they also reported the action of a Senate Committee in reducing Point IV aid to some ten millions. We might understand the bewilderment of peoples who see us lavishing far more on our enemies—defeated and otherwise—than we do on our needy friends. ["We read that Americans spend more than a half billion dollars a year on Japan," I was told by a Filipino friend last year. "That is all right, but how can you blame needy peoples of other lands if they now think that the mistake they made in the last war was not to declare war against America, put up token resistance, and then sit back to accept the bounties of defeat?"]

So far as our propaganda efforts abroad are concerned, the new yardstick for survival would mean a fundamental shift in what we tell other peoples. Until now a large part of our propaganda effort has been represented by a projection of America; that is, dramatizing the American way of life and the nature of American democracy. This is no longer enough. We must now talk about not only what we have but about what others need—and how we are helping and plan to help. We must address ourselves to the specific problems of specific peoples, making clear where we stand on the vital issues now up for decision. We must match understanding of such problems with understanding of other viewpoints. This is not to deny the effectiveness of propaganda based on the power of imitation; it is only by way of suggesting that the ideological struggle today is a tough, grueling battle in which hard questions will be asked which can't be answered only with a pep talk about America. If we want to promote the cause of democracy, we begin by recognizing that democracy must be created and developed from within, inside an indigenous framework, requiring a square deal all along the line. The voice of America will be heard and listened to above all others when it speaks up bold and clear on a world scale for the needs of man and the rights of man—in principle and practice both. —N. C.

Good News

▸ Group therapy to help addicts to abstain from the use of narcotics has been applied sucessfully on a small but increasing scale in New York City by Narcotics Anonymous. The organization has been assisted by members of Alcoholics Anonymous, from which it derived its name and program.

▸ Two miners buried for 102 hours were rescued recently from the Las Palomas pit in Saltillo, Mexico. Other miners had worked around the clock to dig through a caved-in tunnel to reach them. Their first request was for a bottle of liquor.

▸ Police will put nickels into parking meters for visitors to Saranac Lake, N. Y., instead of giving them tickets for overtime parking. The Chamber of Commerce will keep the policemen supplied with nickels.

▸ A new milestone in the United Nations' worldwide struggle against tuberculosis has been reached with the announcement that, as of May 1, more than 24,500,000 children and young adults have been tested and about 11,500,000 vaccinated against the disease.

▸ To help ease the financial strain on parents with two or more children in college at the same time, Wittenberg College in Springfield, Ohio, next fall will inaugurate a "family discount plan." It calls for a 10-percent reduction in tuition for each student from families with two or more children in college

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in the same semester. About 8 per cent of the students—between ninety and 100 in an enrollment of 1,200—will be affected by the plan.

▸ Good news for neighbors: a new practice device for drummers, recently patented, simulates the effect of a drum on the drumsticks but gives off very little noise.

▸ A vast treasure hunt for the world's best short story of the year has been organized by newspapers in eighteen countries. The international first prize brings $5,000 with additional national prizes worth more than $20,000. Dr. Bodet, Director General of UNESCO, hopes that "such an interchange of ideas . . . will set precedent for similar cooperative efforts on an international plane extending to other fields of creative activity."

▸ For the first time in recorded history, the problem of malaria control among a refugee population has been successfully and economically solved. A report to the World Health Organization relates that residual insecticide methods used among Middle East refugees, living under the worst possible conditions, have reduced to a minimum the risk of the spread of malaria.

▸ For the first time in the history of Methodism a Negro bishop presided over a white conference at the hundredth session of the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference of the Methodist Church.

Household Hints for Hoarders

By David L. Cohn

Hoarders are on the run for goods. Panic buying, in full stride despite warnings, is pushing U. S. toward rationing. Sugar, soaps, nylons are being snatched from store shelves. . . . Hoarding is creating artificial shortages, forcing prices up.—U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, *July 28, 1950.*

GET in there and shove, Mama.
Push the others out of the way, Sis.
Strip the shelves to the bare boards
Where lie the tiny droppings of midnight mice.
Buy anything and everything.
Clean out the store.

Then run to the wrapping counter
Pursued by the barehanded
As barnyard hens pursue the lucky one that has a choice bit of offal in its mouth.
This still being a free country
Every citizen has certain inalienable rights.
Among them the right—especially dear when the nation's life is at stake—
To be a hog; or, if that sounds offensive, a buzzard.

Buy tea, coffee, spices, canned goods—anything.
Store it, hide it, bury it.
You'll agree with me that there's no sweeter fat than sticks to your own bones.

Ignore the President. Give him the razzmatazz.
You're no godless Communist trying to destroy this country; a blind but destructive termite.
On the contrary, you're a church-going, tax-paying, God-fearing patriot, with a passionate interest in yourself: your illimitable, eternal, inexhaustibly fascinating, infinitely precious self.
They do you wrong who, noting your behavior, vainly wish for retrospective contraception.

So think now, as men die for you,
Of your Gut.
Of your dear, precious, well-beloved Gut,
Of the whole two hundred twenty-eight feet of it
Coiled in your abdomen.
In time of peril men instinctively think of what is most precious to them.
Soldiers die for an inch of ground.
But don't revere them for it. That's easy.
For, as simple arithmetic reveals,
You must stand guard over two thousand seven hundred thirty-six inches of Gut.
Well-larded, coiled, greedy peristaltic Gut.

The ancients believed that the soul resided in the bladder.
But we know better, don't we?
It lies in the Gut.
In the well-larded, coiled, greedy, peristaltic Gut.

Be sure to store plenty of sugar.
If your neighbor can't get any, that's his fault.
For, as the Good Book says,
Where there's no vision the people perish.

(—And soap. You remember the song?
"Soap and water will surely wash you clean.")

Sugar's good in time of war.
Its sweetness cuts the gall-bitter taste of defeat which, to the palate, is as the stinkingness to the nose of the pus-running wounds of soldiers.
Beforehanded with sugar, you can have your cake and eat it too,
One layer blood-red in memory of the war dead,
In tender token of your patriotism,
And example to your children.

Grab all the nylons you can.
Grab 'em, lady, before they become parachutes.
Lucifer, you know, thrown from Heaven's battlements,
Fell from dawn until dewy eve.
Well, by God, there's nothing he did that a G.I.—your own son perhaps—can't do.

In short—this is my final advice—
Buy everything that isn't nailed down.
Go the whole Hog, as we say.
And if the worst comes to the worst,
If The Bomb gets you,
You will die with larder overflowing,
History recording that you were caught napping,
But not—praise the Lord—caught short.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Strange Banner"

SIR: About your editorial "The Strange Banner" [*SRL* July 22] I have this to say: If you are making reprints I am in the market for a thousand copies. The use of them would be in the Middle West, two to a person known to be concerned with this business of McCormickism. I would ask each person to send one copy to McC. with a letter and to dispatch the second copy similarly to a newspaper in the *Tribune* zone. Your editorial admirably suits a need of hundreds in this area to make their private fight with the *Chicago Tribune* a more effectual one.

DAVID H. STEVENS.

Ephraim, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints are available from this office at a cost of* $2 *per hundred.*

Loading the Dice

SIR: Oliver Evans has sent me the review of his verse by José Garcia Villa [*SRL* July 1] which appeared in your journal and I feel impelled to protest against the submission of the work of a poet in traditional forms to a critic whose own verse is so eclectic that it sometimes consists of nothing but punctuation and almost invariably, if not altogether invariably, separates each word from the word before and after by periods or commas. This is loading the dice in a very adverse fashion! You ought to remember how important such notices are to the poets. A volume may represent *half a lifetime* of poetic experience! A little thought, a little concern, a little humanity is not inappropriate. I don't think poets should be reviewed by their close friends but I do think their books should be given for review to someone who might conceivably have some degree of sympathy with the general character of the work. You have a responsibility, in other words, and I think in *this* instance you have neglected it gravely to the great injury of someone who deserved of you much better!

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

Rome, Italy.

World Government Now

SIR: For many months now I have closely followed *SRL*'s editorials calling for better understanding among nations, world peace, and more humanitarianism. Every one of them has been interesting, good, and full of noble ideals. Yet there is one criticism that I feel ought to be expressed—against those articles and against all of us who, through our written and spoken words, try to make those inanimate phrases act for us. And that is: it's time—actually past time—that we put those thoughts and words into effective action.

If world peace is more important than global conflict, if human brotherhood is more important than blatant nationalism, world government more important than state anarchy, and justice more important than bigotry, then it's time that we made sure these ideals are put into practice instead of into editorials.

It is evident that world "statesmen" do not have these ideals uppermost in their minds, that they are still playing the old and deadly chess game of power politics. And they have given little or no inclination of wanting to change their ways. That being the case, might it not be well to revert to the principles set forth by America's founding fathers—that if the leaders will not act, the people must?

THOMAS BARBOUR LESURE.

Belmont, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What do you say we forget about Carthage today, Cato?"

A Lighthouse for the Literary

SIR: I was delighted to read James Thrall Soby's criticism of recent books on art by the psychoanalysts D. F. Schneider and Lionel Goitein [*SRL* July 1]. That these supposed scientists should publish so much half-baked guesswork about artists and works of art does no credit to their usually scrupulous profession. It is possible that, psychoanalytically, Rodin's "Thinker" is really sitting "on his privy seat" and that a Corot landscape presents unconsciously the detailed topography of the female genitals. Yet we may wonder whose unconscious is really revealed here? That of the artist or of Dr. Goitein, who makes these unqualified assertions? Dr. Schneider is more responsible toward his readers: he indicates occasionally that his conclusions are hypotheses, not facts.

Forgive me if I add an unkind postscript about your reproduction of Picasso's "Three Musicians," recently acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. I suppose it is natural for the editor of a literary magazine to feel that he may cut an article before he publishes it, but cutting—or "cropping"—a painting is a different matter. Without warning your readers you have actually cropped large strips off both sides of this picture, thus seriously damaging what is generally considered one of the half dozen greatest compositions in modern painting. To make matters worse, your caption reads: "Picasso's 'Three Musicians'—a style that became more and more overtly neo-classic." The phrase is quoted accurately from Mr. Soby's text but actually it is used by him to describe a style diametrically *opposed* to the cubism of the "Three Musicians," which, of course, is anything but neo-classic.

In France literary people, including many of the greatest, are seriously interested in contemporary painting and sculpture. They often know the artists personally and write about their art with wisdom, sympathy, and enthusiasm. Here in America the literary world seems comparatively blind so far as the visual arts are concerned. For this reason *The Saturday Review of Literature* is all the more to be congratulated on Mr. Soby's columns both because they are excellent in themselves and because they serve as a lighthouse for the literary who have not yet learned to see.

ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

New York, N. Y.

Exclusive Garden Path

SIR: I have come across the following phrase in countless English books over many years. While its application is familiar to me, I have wondered about its origin and have searched in vain through Roget and

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other such books for help. "To be led down the garden path" is in none of them. Even writers whom I have approached know only its use and meaning but not its origin. So I thought some reader of *SRL* might help an aging man of eighty-one years to unlock a mystery.

L. F. SILVERS.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Genius by the Clock

SIR: Poe to the contrary, perseverance is an element in genius. All classical writers worked hard. Thackeray, lazy (one of his biographers called Thackeray's laziness a "constitutional aversion to work"), relentlessly drove himself to his pen; Dickens wore out a pencil a day; Balzac kept himself awake by drinking black coffee while he wrote, sometimes as long as twelve hours at a stretch; Buffon, the naturalist, pressed for more time to write, broke himself of the habit of lying late abed by having a basin of water thrown in his face for a series of mornings.

The element of perseverance is outstanding in every successful writer today. Mary Roberts Rinehart said in an article, "Writing Is Hard Work," published in *The Saturday Evening Post* a few years ago, that the exhausting work in completing one of her novels sent her to a hospital for six weeks.

A next-door neighbor of Hemingway's during his twelve years' residence in Key West, told me this story:

> Sit at my dining-room window, facing Hemingway's any morning at nine o'clock and you'll see him step out of his kitchen doorway and head for his workshop, a cabin, in his backyard. He locks himself in and is not to be disturbed for anybody or anything. Come back to the same window at three o'clock in the afternoon, and you'll hear the cabin door bang as Hemingway slams it back and hear him bellowing like a mate-hungry bull: "A drink, a drink! Mix me a drink!"

Here we have the answer to the element of perseverance in genius: tie yourself to your typewriter six hours a day.

SAMUEL EDWARD HARRIS.

Key West, Fla.

On the State of the World 1950 A.D.

SIR:

Age, atomic;
Understanding, moronic.

DEXTER TEED.

New York, N. Y.

Religion Plus Psychiatry

SIR: The standing of Dr. Fredric Wertham in the field of psychiatry is so high that his recent bitter attack on cooperation between religion and psychiatry can only make the judicious grieve ["The Art of Real Happiness," *SRL* Apr. 22]. His brush-off of Dr. Menninger's moderate protest in the LETTERS section was not worthy of him. The subject is not one for joking.

The annual report of the National Committee on Mental Hygiene, under the presidency of Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles, must be admitted to be the highest authority in psycho-social relations. I quote:

> It has been felt for many years that closer cooperation was needed between psychiatry on the one hand and religious bodies on the other. Any psychiatrist can testify that very few patients seek him out before having exhausted the possibilities of succor available to them in their religious affiliations. Psychiatrists realize that an insight on their part into the religious background of a patient does much to facilitate the establishment of rapport, while religious instructors have come to see that their task can be greatly lightened by the aid that psychiatry can furnish.

After listing names of a committee to promote cooperation, the report goes on:

> The psychiatrist must seize every opportunity not only to acquaint himself with the atmosphere of the Catholic Church, the synagogue, and the Protestant Church, but also to talk things over in intimate contact with the representatives of the ministry of each faith. In order that mutual understanding may be increased, one of the functions of this Committee might well be to stimulate the formation of cooperative teams of psychiatrists and ministers and to serve these teams in advisory capacity.

I am not so much concerned with the merits of the book by Drs. Peale and Blanton, so harshly reviewed, as I am with the impression which the review might spread that psychiatry and organized religion are at odds. The position taken by Clifford Beers's famous Committee should reassure many troubled persons.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

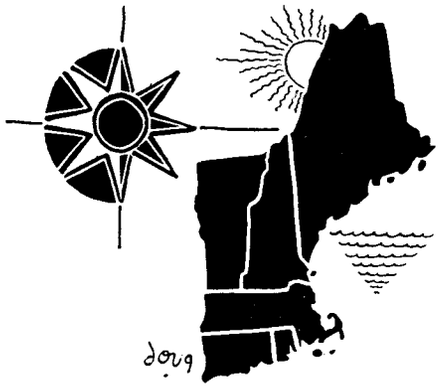
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Item

SIR: I protest against those who give a list of points with the word "item" before every one, apparently supposing that they are echoing old-time style. "Item" as an introductory word belongs only before an item that has been preceded by another. In a genuine seventeenth-century inventory the first item would have been preceded by "imprimis" and then each of the others would have been preceded by "item." If one wishes now to revive the style, it would have a better effect to revive it accurately. The passage in the fifth scene of "Twelfth Night" does not purport to be either a complete copy of the proposed inventory or the beginning of it, but to be an excerpt out of the middle.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.



Translators of the World, Unite

SIR: I beg space to bring to the attention of publishers and reviewers the following lines from a review of a work on religious art which appeared in a recent number of the [London] *Times Literary Supplement*:

> The high quality of the translation deserves special mention; for M. Mâle is not only an outstanding scholar but, like so many French savants, a brilliant writer, who throws luster on any subject under his pen. For this and other reasons it is inexcusable that the translator's name should appear nowhere in the book.

It is quite true that readers are by and large not interested to know who translated a book they enjoyed—nor, indeed, interested to know who published it. But if publishers are to get quality translations, they must know who's who in the craft of translation, which requires that they themselves display the name of the translator. And if, for the benefit of both publishers and readers, we are to get as good English from translators as from our best authors, reviewers must be allowed space by editors for judgment of the quality of translations. I observe that the Book-of-the-Month Club has picked an Italian novel for forthcoming distribution; nowhere have I seen the name of the translator mentioned; yet it is certain that that book would not have been chosen had the English version "read like a translation"—certain, that is, that the translator was the immediate cause of the choice of that book. It makes no sense to conceal from the trade the name of a translator good enough to pass the test of the book club's judges, and, of course, it is unfair to the translator.

In the general interest of the publishing trade, and in the particular interest of translators, a group is now engaged in organizing the Translators' Guild of America. You have already been good enough to make this venture known. I hope you will allow me to add here that interested persons should write to Mr. Heinz Norden, Secretary, 495 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The members of the organizing committee of the Translators' Guild have sworn themselves to seeing to it that when a translator's name is mentioned on the title page of a book it is also mentioned in the heading of all reviews. I am sorry to have to take up the cudgels on my own behalf, but I find my name absent from the review of "San Gennaro Never Says No" [*SRL* July 1]. Perhaps I am lucky to have Mr. White pass me over in silence (especially as he is a famous translator), but I should have appreciated your sticking me in, even in the smallest print, in the heading.

FRANCES FRENAYE.

New York, N. Y.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

INHABITED BY HUMANS

SUNSET BOULEVARD, screen play by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and D. M. Marshman, Jr.; directed by Mr. Wilder; produced by Mr. Brackett for Paramount Pictures Corporation.
Joe Gillis.....William Holden
Norma Desmond.....Gloria Swanson
Max von Mayerling.....Eric von Stroheim
Betty Schaefer.....Nancy Olson
Cecil B. DeMille, Hedda Hopper, Buster Keaton, Anna Q. Nilsson, H. B. Warner, and Franklyn Farnum as themselves.

IN "The Last Tycoon" Scott Fitzgerald makes a faded movie star say, "I had a beautiful place in 1928. All spring I was up to my rump in daisies." All she has at the time of speaking are her looks, which, except for a "washed-out look around the eyes," are pretty much the same looks that made her a continent's darling for five years. What she can't understand is that looks can only hold the public about five years. After that you have to offer something more. She has never grasped this, and to her the periods before and after those five years were just a marking-time in limbo. Stardom was life itself, or vice versa.

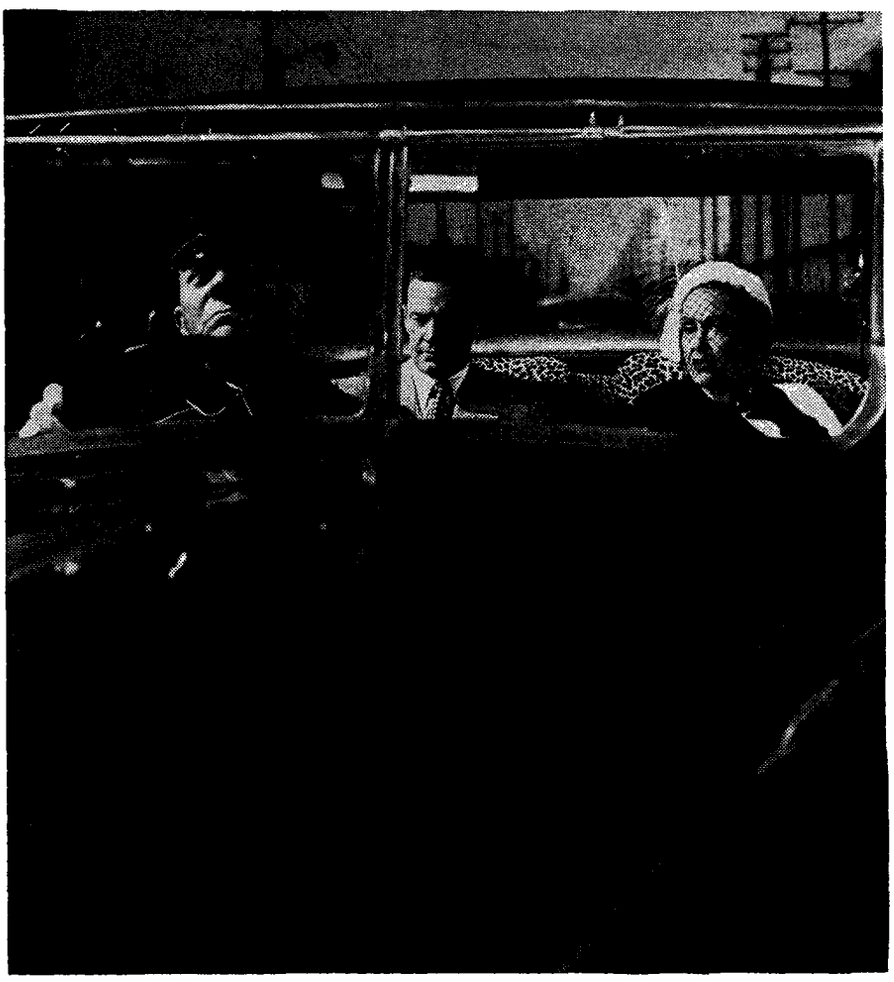
By now everybody has been thoroughly told that this is the central situation of "Sunset Boulevard." Norma Desmond, the great ex-star, still has her "beautiful place," and a strange place it is. Her looks are still passable. Security is not her problem ("I've got a million dollars; nobody can do anything to me," she grates somewhere in the film). Her problem is that stardom was life itself, the lack of it a very death. When we meet her she has been off the screen for twenty years. The authors of this original screen play do not tell us specifically what she has been up to in these years but they give us plenty of clues. There are no locks on the doors in her house because she has been known to slash her wrists. Her social life consists of ritual bridge sessions with impoverished contemporaries. She toils endlessly on the script of a "Salome" which she imagines will return her to the screen. This slow disintegration might have continued more or less harmlessly for another twenty years if Joe Gillis, a young, unemployed, not-too-scrupulous script writer had not blundered into her forgotten domain.

Joe is brilliantly set forth. Nearly a crook, he seizes on the old star as the answer to his financial problems, planning to duck out the moment things break for him. Then he discovers he's not quite the stinker he always assumed he was. As Norma's delusions increasingly center around him he finds himself unable to get away, not any longer from self-interest but to keep her going. In the end he sees that only by telling her the truth can he ever escape. It's a simple truth—"There's no disgrace in being fifty"—but in the circumstances a fatal one.

Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder have presented us with this piece of dry ice, and it is better than their "Lost Weekend" and "Double Indemnity." It is based on close observation and analysis of Hollywood old and new, and on considerable thought about the human condition of movie makers. As James Agee says,* "The silent era and art are granted a kind of barbarous intensity and grandeur . . . the contemporaries, by comparison, are small, smart, safe-playing, incapable of any kind of grandeur, good or bad." The barbaric grandeur of the lost people is so stunningly set forth that it is bound to monopolize conversation in the months to come, but time will give an equal accolade to what has been made of the contemporaries. They seem to know that they're not up there with the old titans, but they also know that the box office ratifies the present as it did the past and, also, there is life to live. Salaries may be big but so are debts, and there's income tax and the installment man. To the minor writer, the "B" director, the moderate star, doubts must come as to whether they really have it so good. If so, the way to banish them is to drop down to Chasen's in the hope that bar chat may produce something that can be taken into the front office next morning as a gag, a yak, a gimmick. That would have been Joe Gillis's course if he hadn't wandered into Desmondland.

I hope I have made clear that human beings inhabit this picture and that they haunt the mind. Most tearingly human is Norma, who has brought Gloria Swanson back to us. A very different Swanson from any we remember on the screen—different, too, from the great lady herself, who turned her back on Hollywood when Hollywood turned its back on her. She has made her famous face into a

* *"Films in Review,"* The National Board of Review Magazine, *July 1950.*



—From "Sunset Boulevard."

Eric von Stroheim, William Holden, Gloria Swanson—"barbaric grandeur of lost people."

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ERIC VON STROHEIM

with NANCY OLSON • FRED CLARK
LLOYD GOUGH • JACK WEBB

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT
Directed by BILLY WILDER

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Medusa mask, her voice is gritty, gravelly, the total impression, again to quote the highly quotable Agee, that of "the narcissistic arrogance of the once adored and long forgotten." The signature of the artist is all over her performance, and its caliber is marked by her consistent refusal to play for sympathy. The only time you like her at all, for a moment, is when she is playing a role. In the course of her attempts to amuse her bored and frantic young lover she imitates Chaplin. The charade is startlingly apt: Norma Desmond vanishes and is replaced by the sweet, humane, Chaplin smile. This is the moment her butler chooses to let her know that Paramount is on the phone. Mustache and derby remain, but Chaplin vanishes, the Medusa mask comes back, and she says, "Paramount. Ha! Let 'em wait. *I've* waited long enough!" (The studio only wants to borrow her ancient Rolls-Royce for a period scene.)

DIRECT sympathy Miss Swanson neither asks nor gets, which has led to speculation about the public fate of this much-discussed picture. You don't really like anybody in the film except Erich von Stroheim, of all people, and he is more chorus than actor. Empathy is generally a condition of box office, and it may be the public will find little in "Sunset Boulevard" beyond horrid fascination. That it will fascinate there is little doubt. The tremendous advance interest it has provoked indicates that this is an untold story the public wanted told. And there is more to it than just the inside story of Hollywood. Wisely though we quote Lord Acton to one another, there is that in all of us which hankers for the kind of power, fame, and ego-satisfaction which movie stardom symbolizes in America. That the end-product of stardom should be thus brutally revealed, by movie makers, is decidedly one up for Hollywood. It also induces the reflection that the mind of Charles Brackett would be an interesting thing to explore.

"Sunset Boulevard" has the shape of tragedy but many who have seen it contend that it isn't tragic because it accomplishes no purgation. In this Aristotelian sense they are right. But there is classical precedent for another kind of tragedy, the tragedy of the heartless, led on to their doom by passions which are ungovernable because there is no will to govern them. The emotion induced by this kind of tragedy is horror. On that score "Sunset Boulevard" certainly qualifies, as also in its "curtain." At film's end, Joe lies murdered, Norma is mad. Seneca would have liked that.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

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Personal History. *It is not easy, as countless biographers have discovered, to capture the essence of a man on the printed page—not even when a man's subject is himself. Viscount Templewood, better known as Samuel Hoare during four decades of prominence in British public life, discloses one facet of his personality in "The Unbroken Thread" (reviewed below), but one must seek farther than it for a satisfactory explanation of his equivocal career. Nor do the reminiscences of friends always enhance a man's reputation, as has been evidenced of late in the case of several literary figures, including D. H. Lawrence. Certainly the memoir Robert Gathorne-Hardy has written of his mentor, "Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," makes the celebrated Anglo-American snob and litterateur seem more trivial than ever. Refreshingly sincere by comparison is Ralph Moody's account of his Colorado boyhood, "Little Britches."*

Samuel Hoare—"childish delight in the slaughter of innumerable birds."

Samuel Hoare & the Game Book

THE UNBROKEN THREAD. By Viscount Templewood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pp. $5.

By Garrett Mattingly

IN A PROLOGUE to this autobiographical memoir Viscount Templewood remarks that there comes a time when one's life takes on some of the attributes of history, and he goes on to quote with approval Baltasar Gracian's dictum that the third stage of a man's life is the chapter of self-examination, that the old man, his work, his studies, and his travels over, should meditate with himself. This is a promising gambit. For nearly forty years Samuel Hoare was intimately connected with the history of his country as a politician, a diplomat, a cabinet minister. Among the mediocrities who guided Britain's destinies in the 1930's, he counted as an intellectual among the Tories, almost as a liberal. There was a time when his presence on the Government benches seemed reassuring to anxious men of good will all over the Western world. Yet, in the end, no name except Neville Chamberlain's was more closely connected with the supine policies and shady deals which brought Britain and the world to the brink of disaster. Now that a reputation somewhat blown upon has been retrieved, partially at least, by his wartime mission in Spain, now that he has retired to the security of the House of Lords and the leisure of his Norfolk estate, it ought to be fascinating to read the mature self-meditations of Viscount Templewood on the ambiguous career of Samuel Hoare.

This volume, however, contains nothing of the kind. Looking back over seventy years, the self-meditation finds that the really determining influence in the life of Samuel Hoare was his inheritance from his ancestors of the orderly habits of generations of successful Quaker bankers and the tastes of Norfolkshire squires for outdoor sports. The ancestors, as recorded in old family letters and reminiscences and anecdotes, probably not much duller than the average reminiscences and anecdotes of smugly prosperous English county families, are presented to us in remorseless detail. The Hoare men were prudent, methodical, sober; their wives were religious, charitable, and, without exception, rich. As, by the exercise of the business virtues, the Hoares constantly increased the family fortune, they abandoned first Quakerism and then banking and devoted themselves more and more to moderate Tory politics and the immoderate destruction of sundry wildfowl, the results of which, for more than a century, are carefully noted in the family game book: "1828, partridge 3,430, pheasant 637 . . . etc. . . . total 5,155," and so on to the thinner bags of 1944. The game book is really the heart and the core of this memoir, and when we pass from pious family reminiscence to autobiography the thread is genuinely unbroken. The education of young Samuel Hoare VI is remembered in terms of the increasingly adult shotguns to which he was fitted by the family gun-makers and what he learned from the gamekeepers about woodcock and snipe. Self-meditation finds nothing to add to the cautiously official accounts of his missions which the diplomat Samuel Hoare had already published, and the two world wars are noted in terms of their effect on Norfolk sports. In Russia in 1917, on account of the Revolution, there was no shooting (of birds, of course). In Spain General Franco is mildly reproved for his passion for indiscriminate killing of large game.

One is convinced, at least, of the sincerity of this artless memoir: for whatever reason the political career of Samuel Hoare evades further meditation, this is the real essence of the character of a statesman often described as enigmatic, this naively complacent family pride and this childish delight in the slaughter of innumerable birds, varied by an intent if unimaginative observation of their habits. Without the faintest suggestion of literary skill, this memoir does achieve a kind of literary effect. One gets a sense of family continuity, of the passage, in socially correct, self-satisfied monotony, of two centuries. It is rather like being trapped on a rainy Sunday in one of those museum-like English manor houses with an amiably boring host who insists on expatiating on the contents of the family albums, the family portrait gallery, the family trophy room; and one thinks, after all, this is a quite interesting glimpse of social history, if only one could keep awake.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 855)

W. J. LEDERER:
ALL THE SHIP'S AT SEA

I'm in the hospital with chronic laryngitis. I've been here* a week, and it's been wonderful. I recommend that everyone spend a week each year in a naval hospital. It's a chance to rest and write letters and to gossip. And just plain think.

* *Bethesda Naval Hospital*

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Kill or Get Killed

ESCAPE TO ADVENTURE. By Fitzroy Maclean. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 419 pp. $4.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

ON PUTTING down this exciting book the perspicacious reader will be left with a large number of clear and certain not-so-clear impressions. The latter are really the more significant. One may well be a realization of the great good fortune enjoyed by anyone who is a born linguist. The author, Fitzroy Maclean, a rather pleasantly aggressive Scot with a keen sense of humor, is a very remarkable linguist who talks himself out of death in Russian, Serbo-Croatian, French, Italian, German, and British, as opposed to American.

His book, although an almost continuous personal narrative, is very definitely divided into four separate compartments. The first, which is in our opinion far the best, is about the author's experiences as a most unorthodox diplomat in Russia; the second, a straightforward narrative of his heroic wartime experiences as a soldier in the Libyan deserts; the third, a quasi-diplomatic interlude in Persia, and the fourth, a not-so-straightforward account of later events with the Yugoslav Partisans, which reads rather like an apology for what has now become erroneously known as the British Government's *abandonment* of Mihajlovic.

The second significant lesson to be learned from this narrative might come as a surprise to the author himself. It is simply the abundance of evidence he inadvertently provides to prove that the most dreaded "authorities" such as totalitarian police forces, imperialist military, and bureaucratic and political machines, revolutionary organizations, and even the British Foreign Office, can not only be circumvented but also flouted by a determined individualist with a sufficiency of bravado and daring.

Thirdly, although the author never for a moment points up the fact, we find that he has given us a sort of X-ray view of the cancer that is now eating into the world of man as a social animal and which has, in fact, been doing so for several decades, uncontested, unabated, and with ever-increasing momentum. Fourthly, he also quite unintentionally spotlights the incredible, almost criminal, complacency and stupidity of the Western mind in face of this disease. We see brave men attacking a fully prepared enemy, even when they know that enemy is forewarned; we see the allegiance of a highly strategic country jeopardized because some ancient shibboleths prevent the shooting of a dangerous traitor, and again and again read of the everlasting "too-little-and-too-late" performance, for which the Western mind is now so famous; we also learn of our own complete lack of understanding of the working of the totalitarian mind.

If this book does nothing else it should awaken at least the thinking public to some realization of what is needed in a total, ideological war. In battle, as Fitzroy Maclean clearly confirms, you either kill or get killed. Unless we realize that the same maxim applies in other fields, as certain other people so often mentioned in this book obviously do, we will never again be able to plant gardens or raise children with a sense of security or with any real hope that either may live to bear fruit.

The book is a delight to read, a fact that has been contributed to not only by the author's lucid prose, but also by the publishers, through the careful work of their editors, proofreaders, and printers. The story it tells is highly entertaining as well as quite thrilling and — somebody be praised — there are excellent maps, though several places in Russia mentioned in the text are left out. Nonetheless, it leaves one with strange and alarming impressions.

Ivan T. Sanderson compiled an anthology entitled "Animal Tales," and has been the producer of radio and television shows about wild life.

Fitzroy Maclean—"strange and alarming impressions."

A Snob Among Snobs

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 259 pp. $3.50.

By ROBERT HALSBAND

ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY met Smith in 1928, when he was twenty-six and Smith sixty-three, and a warm sympathy and friendship ensued. Smith, a wealthy expatriate American essayist and biographer, offered him a generous allowance to pursue a writing career and to assist him in his own work. He was to be a combination of apprentice-secretary-companion. Their relationship, with its untidy vicissitudes, lasted until Smith's death in 1946.

The author of the recollections tells mostly about the work the two men did together and gives some interesting hints as to how Smith cultivated his "mandarin" style, with its overburnished, glossy surface (and its often precious contents). He tells of their traveling expeditions to France, the Canary Islands, and Iceland. He prints scores of letters and notes that Smith sent him, but these are disappointingly banal and careless; they point up the amount of manicuring and polishing that Smith had to do before he was ready to shine in print. He also recollects in distressing and tiresome detail the various stages of Smith's cantankerous old age, passed in London during the bombardment and enlivened by fits of insanity.

The book in general suffers from two major shortcomings. For the recollections of Smith one would expect a chronicle of the fabulous society in which he moved, a snob among snobs, but the magic names are merely mentioned, and only occasionally—Mrs. Wharton, Santayana, Bernard Berenson (married to one of Smith's sisters), Henry James (in retrospect). What would we give to see him in the drawing-rooms and at the luncheon tables! Instead we see him in the twilight of his life and only while he was working or quarreling with his "perpetual apprentice." What we have, then, is a series of glimpses through the keyhole of Smith's study. And since as a writer he was merely a *littérateur*—though a first-class one—his work table is not very important.

As a personality he was compounded (it seems) of nagging trivialities; neither his vices nor his virtues have any sort of largeness. But he is exactly the sort of figure who could illuminate the more luminous people he met; his sketch of Walt Whitman in

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"Unforgotten Years" is a brilliant example.

The other shortcoming is entirely the author's. Since Smith quarreled with him and disinherited him, he is constantly on the defensive, protesting that he is fair and without bias. But he insists so frequently that after a while it seems to be a case of protesting too much. He is everlastingly apologizing and qualifying, and his writing is irritatingly studded with excuses, with what might be called inverted modesty. He writes that he explained something "carefully, and, I flatter myself, lucidly." Again, "perhaps, therefore, I may be acquitted of egotism for printing here, in the modesty of a footnote, the verses requisite for understanding his letter." Too often the apprentice sounds like a parody of the master.

Just Because They Loved Children

ROOM FOR ONE MORE. By Anna Perrott Rose. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 272 pp. $2.75.

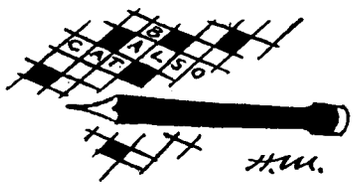
By Pamela Taylor

ALL AUTHORS of the too, too many recent articles bemoaning the failure of family life, all readers who have been convinced or alarmed by said articles, should consider it essential to read "Room for One More." It is the story, sometimes hilarious, sometimes deeply touching, and always wise, of the Rose family, how they raised three children of their own, plus three more whom they took on just because they loved children. The three children whom they acquired not in Nature's grab-bag but with their own full knowledge of what they were undertaking, were problem children: a difficult adolescent girl from a broken home; a little boy already delinquent, who had escaped the reformatory where the rest of his gang were going because he was only nine; a tiny, polio-crippled orphan whom institutional care had taught to fear the human race. Ostensibly an account of the unconventional and never *monotonous* task of bringing up this unusual group, the book is fundamentally if unintentionally an illuminating picture of the human essentials of a happy, rich family life.

"You're crazy," "You can't afford it," "You're making a big mistake" was what their friends said when they began this experiment. But Mrs. Rose tells in detail why their kind friends were wrong. She explains why they kept the children (all three came, at different times, for two-week visits and just never wanted to leave), she records the questions most frequently asked them about their experiment and answers at length. Then she tells the story of each of their acquired children (they were never legally adopted for very convincing reasons, but emotionally they became entirely a part of the family). Interwoven, of course, is the story of the Roses' own children, and how all six grew up together.

Mrs. Rose does not tell her readers in so many words why the experiment was such a success but the reasons are not hard to read between the lines. She had had, in the first place, that immeasurably important foundation for successful, outgoing adult life, a happy childhood, though by no means a conventional one. And during that childhood she had learned a fundamental of being a good mother—namely that there are more important things than being a good housekeeper. Then she was wise enough to marry a man who felt as she did that there are more essential things than having money, more necessary things for children than what are described as "material advantages," and that children themselves are immensely important. There was always plenty of fun at the Rose house, plenty of understanding, plenty of time for the children, and a great deal of love.

All parents, primarily, should read this book. I doubt if any one of us is so letter perfect in our part, which has a way of seeming particularly exacting in our present civilization, that we can't learn something from the Roses' experiences. But it will be learning with a great deal of entertainment thrown in. Anyone who works professionally with children would profit from it. Children should read it just for fun; in fact, it's a book which almost anyone would enjoy, except possibly those who have always meant to adopt children but never found the "suitable" ones. Mrs. Rose's reminiscences could only make them realize how much they have missed, so they had probably better leave it alone.



Cochino Disaster

THE LAST CRUISE. By Commander William J. Lederer. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 110 pp. $1.50.

By Fletcher Pratt

THIS is the story of what happened when the U. S. Submarine *Cochino*, on cruise near the North Cape of Norway in August 1949, blew up and sank. It is not a technical story; in fact, anyone who tries to discover the mechanical and chemical details of what happened will find that Commander Lederer has rather carefully fudged the evidence in the name of security, *Cochino* having been a new, experimental submarine, conducting an experimental operation.

What he has not fudged is his account of the human action and reaction, and these are the only things likely to matter to any reader but another submariner. The background of the human proceedings is sketched in with a few bold, quick strokes—the outrageous polar gale, tossing the boat about so that it was difficult to keep scrambled eggs out of one's lap; the cold; the sudden, violent explosion, and then the twelve and a half hours of effort to save the ship and her people.

It was one of the most desperate battles of the kind on record, and in the end it was futile as far as *Cochino* was concerned. Exploding hydrogen drove her crew from compartment to compartment, cut off lights and all power, and finally even the steering apparatus, so that what was left of her wallowed in the trough of the sea. During this phase of the struggle there were some appalling acts of valor and devotion, like that of Lt.-Comdr. R. M. Wright, who burned all the skin off the front of his body in trying to disconnect the batteries.

In the meanwhile, just before power failed, *Cochino* managed to get off a message to her sister-ship, *Tusk*, cruising near by, which came down to give aid or to take off the forty-seven men who were crowded into the topside space normally occupied by not more than six. A huge wave swept *Tusk*; ten of her deck party and one man who had come across on a life raft from *Cochino* were carried away. A two-hour search through shifting winds and mountainous seas brought only four of them back. Yet under the Arctic twilight *Tusk* moved in again and, just as the sinking submarine dipped under, pulled away with every man of her crew aboard.

It is an inspiring tale and Commander Lederer has told it without

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false heroics and with a highly creditable avoidance of the descriptive adjective, letting the deed speak for itself in a situation where praise would be impertinent. In a previous book he himself has noted how the picture of an event can change, as the human memory makes quite unconscious alterations in the details fed to it by experience. This time he got the real story by hurrying to New London and interviewing all the survivors as soon as they arrived. But it was not merely done to check their stories against each other; he also secured a mass of material from which he could sort out the items that presented the action in the clearest flow of narrative.

In this selection he has been singularly successful. The point of view from which events are watched shift from the conning-tower of *Cochino*, where Commander Benitez is trying to keep his ship alive, to the boat's tortured interior spaces, to the conning tower of *Tusk*, and even for one moment to the icy sea in which Lieutenant Pennington of the rescue submarine is trying to stay afloat. But the view is always taking in a piece of action crucial to the story at that particular moment, and the line is unhesitatingly dropped when the action resolves itself into a solution or a suspense. The quotations are few and very effective. I think Commander Lederer might have dispensed with the bad habit borrowed from Ernie Pyle of giving each man's home town after his name—after all, this is not a column for a local newspaper, and it slows up the pace—but aside from this he has given an almost flawless performance in telling a brief heroic tale of victory snatched from almost irremediable disaster.

A Move to Colorado

LITTLE BRITCHES: Father & I Were Ranchers. By Ralph Moody. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 260 pp. $3.

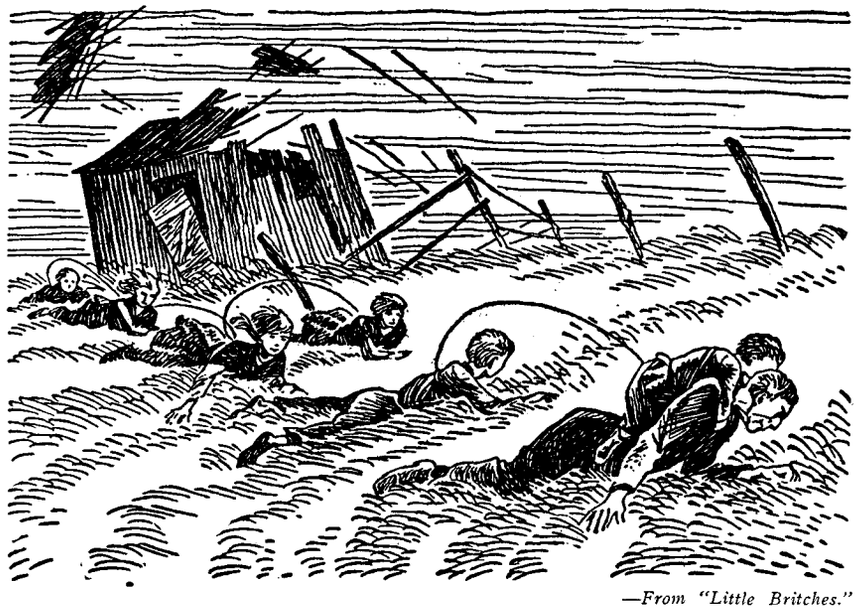
By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS is a narrative of great delicacy, tenderness, and charm. It is the story of a New Hampshire family which in 1906 moved to Colorado because the father had tuberculosis. The story is told by his son, who is eight years old at the beginning and eleven at the end. It is almost devoid of dialogue and is composed with the simplicity, factuality, and directness of a letter home. The treatment is nowhere forced and everywhere effective. There is much humor and much comedy along with the tragedy (for there is tragedy), but the humor has depth, the comedy subtlety and humanity. This is one book (they are damned rare) in the "Life with Father" tradition that the shade of Clarence Day need not be ashamed of.

There is no plot, any more than there is in the lives of most boys of eight-to-eleven. A lot can happen to any boy in those three years, but no youngster looks at the business as the operation of the law of cause and effect, and no more does Ralph Moody. He had no trouble adapting himself to the shift from New England to a ranch outside Denver. Father Moody and Mother Moody had the trouble. Father Moody came from farming country but he had worked in a woolen mill. And the ranch wasn't much of a ranch. It was no way to cure t.b.

You can call this book regionalism or you can forget there is such a thing as regionalism, and either way you will get satisfaction. Actually there is more West in this little fragment of autobiography than there is in most Westerns. This is a quiet, compensating piece of work, written with great skill and restraint. It has reality and authenticity, not merely in its recital of incident, but in its basic approach to people. Under its carefully applied mask of superficiality it has high emotional content. Altogether it is a striking and significant performance.

Edward Shenton, who illustrated "The Yearling," must have had an equally agreeable time with "Little Britches" judging from the results.



—*From "Little Britches."*

"The Big Wind."

Personal History Notes

HAWKINS OF PLYMOUTH, by James A. Williamson. Macmillan. $5. Sir John Hawkins's life coincided almost year for year with Queen Elizabeth's. He did his share to perpetuate the prestige of her spacious age; he helped defeat the Armada (whence his knighthood); he died, still harrying the Spaniards and getting harried back, in the Spanish Main, and left Elizabeth £2,000. Dr. Williamson wrote a life of Hawkins twenty-three years ago. The present work is not a revision of the earlier, but a completely rewritten study, with new material based on fresh discoveries. He knows his man and his man's family, for there is much about the father, the brother, and the son; and he knows the British Navy of Hawkins's day, not only its ships but its administration and management and what today are known as logistics. There are several pertinent illustrations, including the five "portraits or supposed portraits" of Hawkins—there is a special note on these. Altogether this is a thorough and admirable study—the work of a specialist and an authority who happily does not assume that his reader will necessarily be either.

MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA, by H. Reginald Hardy. Oxford University Press. $4.50. There are still those who grow apoplectic at the recollection that Franklin D. Roosevelt occupied the White House for twelve years. But the late William Lyon Mackenzie King was Prime Minister of Canada for twenty-two years and for five was leader of the Opposition. His tenure exceeds that of any other first minister of the Crown; next in line comes Sir Robert Walpole and following him two other Canadians, Sir John A. MacDonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In 1896, at the age of

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twenty-one, King did graduate work at the University of Chicago, living at Hull House Settlement. The experience gave depth to a broad social consciousness that had already been manifested when he was a freshman at the University of Toronto: every Sunday, rain or shine, he would tell stories at the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. In 1915 he was instrumental in terminating the bitter and costly Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. strike, and this was followed by other notable achievements in the field of labor relations involving Bethlehem Steel, General Electric, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and International Harvester. The experience was of immense value to the budding statesman, for Canada herself was moving from an agricultural to an industrial nation and King was able to foresee the problems implicit in the change. Mr. Hardy's biography is deliberately uncritical; his subject is his hero and he is at no pains to conceal his admiration. But he tells his story with zest and gusto and high factuality, including numerous pleasant scraps of minutiae.

PEARL DIVER'S LUCK, by Clarence Benham. Norton. $3. This is a personal chronicle of early-in-the-century adventure in the Torres Straits, off the Great Barrier Reef, and among the Solomon Islands — areas that were to flash into American geography a generation later. "Pearl diving" is really pearl-shell diving; the commodity used to sell for up to £400 a ton in Sydney, but the high return glutted the market, and even when Benham took up with the trade the traffic was nothing like what it had been. But danger was still being quoted at par, and Benham, who is an Australian, had his share, including an underwater fight to the death with a Japanese competitor. (To kill a submerged diver, simply kick in the face-glass in his helmet.) In real life sharks do not attack divers so often as they do in fiction but it is well to keep an eye peeled. The diamond ray is far more of a menace; it sometimes runs away with a diver's line. Not all of Benham's memoirs are subsurface or concerned with marine life. He ran into a lot of people, too, from cannibals to con men—a lively assortment.

CONRAD GREBEL: The Founder of the Swiss Brethren, by Harold S. Bender. Mennonite Historical Society, Goshen, Ind. $3.50. This biographical study is an exercise in pious resurrection. Conrad Grebel lived only some twenty-eight years, from about 1498 to 1526, but in that brief time he became co-founder and acknowledged leader of the Swiss Brethren, or Anabaptists, whence stemmed the Mennonite movement — a consideration which lends this monograph a clear-cut American interest. Born in Zurich, Grebel attended the University of Basel and later studied at Vienna and Paris, and in 1520 he was back in Switzerland. He became a convert to the teachings of Ulrich Zwingli, but could not accept the latter's credo entire. The disciple thus became the persecuted and, not unnaturally, the persecution lent the schism strength: though Grebel spent the last four years of his life as a virtual fugitive, his cause gained prestige and power, and the conception and actuality of the free church survived. Dr. Bender's last two chapters are a discussion of Grebel's theology and an exposition of the significance of Grebel and the Swiss Brethren in the history of the Christian Church. Today the 400,000 "lineal descendants of the original Swiss, Dutch, and German Anabaptists" include the Mennonites of Europe and of North and South America. Dr. Bender believes that English Puritanism and German Pietism "almost certainly owe something to Anabaptism," and that modern Congregationalism and the Baptist movement have at least a "historic anchorage" in Anabaptism.

LEWIS CARROLL, PHOTOGRAPHER, by Helmut Gernsheim. Chanticleer Press, New York. $4. Every biographer of Lewis Carroll has made passing reference, and no more, to the fact that his hobby was photography. It has remained for Mr. Gernsheim, a fellow of the Royal Photographic Society and author of several books on the subject, to explore this interest in competent technical detail and to present in support of his illuminating narrative sixty-four superb photogravure plates in proof of his subject's own competence. Lewis Carroll's photographic period extended only from 1856 to 1880 but received copious attention in his copious diaries.

Photography in the early 1850's was about as far advanced as the space-ship is today and had probably fewer amateur devotees. Such amateurs as there were confined themselves largely to landscapes, which were relatively immobile unless a high wind was blowing (exposures took around forty-five seconds). Lewis Carroll accepted the far higher hazard of portraiture, largely of children, who are rarely immobile. Not all of these remarkable photographs, however, owe their importance to their pioneer value or their artistic quality or even to the distinction (in a wholly different field) of the photographer. The subjects count, too. They include most of the Rossettis, Charlotte M. Young, Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, Prince Leopold (Victoria's youngest son), the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Everett Millais, Ellen Terry (at eighteen), Tom Taylor of *Punch*, Hallam Tennyson, and Alfred Tennyson (looking very fierce).

When Lewis Carroll traveled, he usually took his equipment with him —camera, lens (an enormous thing), tripod, chemicals, trays, glass measures, wet plates, and portable dark tent. He was likely to take over the conservatory for a studio and the cellar as a workshop. He made quite a problem for Victorian hostesses, but today the fruits of his bulky weekendings are delightful and rewarding.

KING OF THE DELAWARES: Teedyuscung, 1700-1763, by Anthony F. C. Wallace. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.50. This is the tragic story of an Indian chief who "wanted to make Englishmen out of Indians," who was ready to work with the Colonists but was eventually murdered for his pains, presumably by land-hungry settlers. His son avenged his death in the celebrated Wyoming massacre. Progress is expensive. Teedyuscung's career is the most abundantly documented among eighteenth-century Indian leaders in Pennsylvania, according to Mr. Wallace, who here writes "primarily a biography," with ethnographical overtones and with due attention paid to the broader historical implications. His narrative, therefore, is both a specific and individualized chronicle and a personalized epitome of the ceaseless encroachment of the frontier upon the ceaseless (and fighting) retreat of the original inhabitants. For official appearances Teedyuscung dressed in European clothes; he also "combed his hair with a trade comb, washed his face with soap, took snuff, drank rum, and ate gingerbread and molasses" — the very flower of civilization. But in adopting the externals of assimilation he did not sacrifice nobility of motive; his only enemies were himself and the inevitability of a nation. This narrative has moments as exciting as those in the competent historical novel. —J. T. W.

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(*Continued from page* 18)

one will know who has tried to move into the rare inner life of such superb individuals as Plotinus or Swedenborg or George Fox.

Perhaps it is high time that we put our minds to work on problems such as these. In our present world of panic-anxiety it might be well to turn our minds forward and become aware of the evolutionary possibilities that lie ahead. It would be a pity if wars and the rumors of wars were to make us forget that we are creatures able to grow beyond where we now are. Perhaps if we resume our interest in "where we go from here," we may even do something to wars and the rumors of wars.

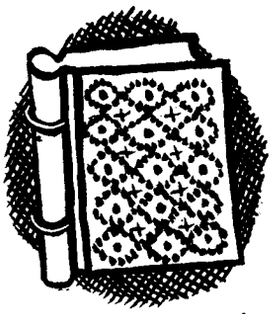
H. A. Overstreet is author of "The Mature Mind."

Ideas & Studies Notes

GOETHE THE SCIENTIST, by Rudolf Steiner. Translated by Olin D. Wannamaker. Anthroposophic Press, New York. $3.50. The author of "Faust," as is perhaps insufficiently recognized, was also, like other universal men, a bold and original inquirer into the phenomena of the natural world. Among other scientific achievements, he discovered the intermaxillary bone, described the skull as an extension of the vertebra, identified the leaf as an organ of the plant, developed a theory of color, and propounded a philosophy of the nature of organisms. The corpus of Goethe's scientific writings was edited in the closing years of the nineteenth century by a young German philosopher and occultist, Rudolf Steiner, and published in four volumes. Steiner wrote other books on Goethe, gathered disciples to inaugurate a new "Goethean" culture in Germany, and built the "Goetheanum" in Dornach, Switzerland, a temple supposedly symbolizing Goethe's ideas. At first a prominent member of the German wing of the Theosophical Society, Steiner later withdrew from it and, in 1913, founded his own esoteric society under the name of anthroposophy. The present book is composed of his introductory essays to the original German edition of Goethe's scientific works. It is useful in itself as an introduction to some of Goethe's contributions to science and philosophy, but it will offend many readers because of its esoteric metaphysics, its somewhat belligerent attempt to establish Goethe as the Copernicus and Kepler of the biological sciences, and its peremptory dismissals of both the Kantian and the Darwinian traditions in the history of thought.

THE ILLUSION OF IMMORTALITY, by Corliss Lamont. Philosophical Library. $3.95. A lecturer who had with considerable gusto quoted Wordsworth's line, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," was interrupted, or so the story goes, by a heckler who announced in a loud voice that that was no reason for us to lie about heaven when we grow up. Mr. Lamont, in this revised edition of a work first published in 1935, obviously has no intention of lying about heaven. Indeed, he believes that such a place does not exist and that personal immortality, in the sense of a continuing identity after death, is, in the words of his title, an illusion. But his voice, unlike the heckler's, is never loud. He treats the subject with sobriety, with restraint, with good judgment, and with extensive scholarship. He dismisses, a trifle impatiently it is true, those intellectuals who, having long since renounced the notion of immortality, regard the subject as unworthy of serious reflection. He asserts, on the contrary, that it is of immense importance, both personally and philosophically, and that all mature philosophies of life must come to grips with it. Mr. Lamont accordingly surveys the entire field and supports the view that in order to have a positive philosophy of existence in this world it is necessary to surrender any hope of a compensatory life in a world beyond. This new edition, which carries as its introduction a favorable review of the original edition by John Dewey, is a welcome addition to the literature of religious humanism.

ALTRUISTIC LOVE, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. Beacon Press, Boston. $3. Social scientists have usually applied their research methods to the study of criminals, psychopaths, the insane, the degenerate, and the socially maladjusted. Little is known, on the other hand, about those people who exhibit more than an average amount of altruism and who deviate from the social or ethical norms in a positive rather than in a negative direction. It is this latter knowledge which Professor Sorokin deems to be desirable and perhaps even necessary if civilization is to survive. He therefore inquires into the vital statistics of altruists in order to discover what kind of people they are and the socio-cultural circumstances in which they appear. His altruists fall into several classes—500 American "good neighbors" who received an orchid on the late Tom Breneman's radio program, a smaller group of persons selected by Harvard students as extraordinarily "good," and the official lists of Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox saints. The book is full of statistical data on these persons, their age and sex distribution, their socio-economic status, their religious and political affiliations, their marital and family status, their health and longevity, their occupations and interests, and so on. The author compares his "good neighbors" with his saints and concludes that the potentials of altruism are so great that the subject requires much further study. This is therefore only the first and preliminary volume of a series to be produced by the Harvard Research Center in Altruistic Integration and Creativity.



CONTEMPORARY ETHICAL THEORIES, by Thomas English Hill. Macmillan. $3.90. Contrary to what seems to be a rather common opinion, the level of textbook writing for college courses in this country is relatively high and sometimes, as in the present case, distinguished. In some disciplines, among which ethics and sociology are, perhaps, the best examples, textbooks not only disseminate information to inattentive students, but effectively organize the relevant materials in a given area of knowledge. The present book, presented candidly as a text for advanced courses in ethics, maintains this standard and, in its general excellence, raises it. In it the author surveys all of the important contributions to moral theory which have appeared in the present century. In view of the disparate character of these contributions, this is no mean achievement, especially since he includes not only the theories of a long and eminent list of ethical philosophers but also the more or less implicit theories of psychologists, psychoanalysts, sociologists, economists, and theologians. But Mr. Hill does more than survey these theories. He classifies them into six major types, subjects them all to detailed critical examination, and offers, in conclusion, some sound recommendations for the future development of his field.

Outstanding, therefore, as this book is as a text, it functions also and equally well as a convenient reference and as a readable account for all intelligent persons, academic and otherwise, who like to keep themselves

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informed on recent developments in ethical theory.

MAN'S FREEDOM, by Paul Weiss. Yale University Press. $5. Paul Weiss, erstwhile student of Whitehead, sometime professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr, and now occupant of a similar chair at Yale, offers here his first major contribution to the field of ethics. This is the treatise which he promised in his earlier book, "Nature and Man," a work devoted primarily to metaphysics and concerned, in one of its larger aspects, with an attempt to establish the metaphysical foundations of freedom. Freedom, of course, in a metaphysical rather than a political sense, is an essential concept in any ethical theory, just as the capacity for choice is an essential ingredient of any moral act. Without it ethics itself disappears and is replaced by a behavioristic psychology, a positivistic sociology, and a deterministic criminology. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Weiss should return again to this subject and elaborate his own position, a position which is neither deterministic nor indeterministic but one which attempts to retain the virtues of both points of view. Whether this position is purchased by sacrificing both clarity and consistency is a problem which merits considerable philosophic discussion. In any event, the author deals here with a great many other ethical issues as well and accords them a complex, profound, and original treatment. As an addition to what is assuming some stature as a system of philosophy, the book requires the attention of professional ethicists. Because of its involved style, however, it is not recommended to amateurs; nor does it attempt to answer their questions.

THE NATURE OF MAN, edited by A. William Loos. The Church Peace Union and the World Alliance for International Friendship through Religion, New York. $1. All but two of the essays in this thin symposium were delivered as lectures in New York City in the spring of 1949. Sponsored by the Church Peace Union and the World Alliance for International Friendship through Religion, the aim of the lecture series was to take a long look at man himself, and to assay his world, his spiritual resources, and his destiny. Among the contributors to this series, and consequently to this book, were leading figures from philosophy, from the sciences, both natural and social, from religion, both Eastern and Western, and from art. They include Lynn H. Hough, Edmund W. Sinnott, Kirtley Mather, Ordway Tead, Brand Blanshard, Mary Cecil Allen, John Sutherland Bonnell, Taraknath Das, Gardner Murphy, Cornelius Krusé, and Lewis Mumford. Their essays are exceedingly short in length and popular in presentation. If they contribute no new insights into the nature of man, they at least tend to emphasize that any view of man which comprehends him as an animal or as a machine is partial and incorrect, and that, in Lewis Mumford's summarizing words, if primitive peoples erred in treating things as if they were persons, we of the modern age commit a reverse error if we insist upon treating persons as if they were things. The symposium as a whole is intended to serve as a model to communities throughout the country which might wish to arrange discussion groups and seminars on the nature of man.

JOURNAL IN THE NIGHT, by Theodor Haecker. Translated by Alexander Dru. Pantheon Books. $3.50. Theodor Haecker (1889-1945) was a German theologian, Catholic convert, essayist, and translator of Kierkegaard and Newman. He lived in Munich and during the war years from 1939 to 1945 kept this journal, writing furtively in it at night and successfully hiding it from the Gestapo, by whom he had once been arrested and on several occasions questioned. In a long introduction the translator attempts to evaluate his intellectual stature but the journal entries themselves are too abrupt and disorganized to provide more than fugitive glimpses into his theological thinking. Of more interest to American readers are Haecker's bitter comments on the Nazi leaders and on the German "*Herrgott* religion," a religion compounded of deceit, betrayal, and treachery, a religion conceived by Nietzsche, Wagner, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and practised by Hitler, Goebbels, and company. This greedy, soulless, half-educated, and anti-Christian company was one of "constitutionally enfeebled minds" and Hitler himself was a "colossus of mediocrity," "a plebeianized version of Nietzsche-Wagner," "an indescribable blockhead," and "an apocalyptic cretin." Haecker worries throughout because he is in the soul-shattering position of praying for the defeat of his own country and in one of his entries he makes a unique and indeed profound observation on dictatorship: "It is hard to be forced to do work which one does not like, but it is horrible to be forced at stated times to a stated enjoyment."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDMUND MONTGOMERY, by Morris T. Keeton. University Press in Dallas. $5. The State of Texas, as we are frequently informed by Texans, has many merits. But it has not hitherto been known for its contributions to the philosophy of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, in that period in Hempstead a cotton farmer, melon grower, cattle raiser, commencement speaker, and road commissioner wrote learned books in English and German and contributed to the scientific journals of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. His name was Edmund Montgomery and he is credited in this book with having achieved one of the greatest philosophical syntheses in the history of American thought. Montgomery was not, however, a native Texan. The illegitimate son of a Scottish barrister, he grew up in Paris and in Frankfort, was educated in medicine and philosophy at Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonn, Würzburg, Prague, and Vienna, did medical research and teaching in London, married a famous sculptress, lived in Madeira, Mentone, Munich, Rome, and Thomasville (Georgia), and finally settled on Liendo Plantation in Texas.

Montgomery's system of thought was built on the dictum that "every philosophical question, rightly put, is a physiological one." He constructed a philosophy of creative organicism which supposedly resolved the conflict between mechanists and vitalists in biology and he applied it to all the problems of matter, life, mind, and morals. The author of this book, an assistant professor of philosophy at Antioch, has done an excellent job in rescuing his subject from oblivion.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV: Captive of Freedom, by Matthew Spinka. Westminster Press, Philadelphia. $3.50. Nicolas Berdyaev was born in Russia in 1874 and died in France in 1948. During the span of his life he wrote some thirty books, many of which were translated into English and published in this country, where he is known primarily as a philosopher of religion. Although any attempt to evaluate the general philosophic stature of this Russian writer would be premature, this appreciative little essay, in spite of its paradoxical subtitle, helps us to view the man and his work as a whole. Professor Spinka, who writes the book as a token of gratitude to a philosopher who, as he says, helped him to understand the significance of human destiny, devotes the first part of it to Berdyaev's life, the second part to his ideas. The life follows a pattern familiar in other instances, that of the aristocratic intellectual who, though he cooperated for a time with the Bolsheviks, refused to surrender his freedom of speech, and so spent the remainder of his life in

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exile, first in Berlin and then in Paris. The ideas cannot even be adumbrated in a paragraph, except to say that they represent an affirmative Christian theism, to which certain intuitional, existential, and mystical elements have been added, and that they constitute a system of philosophy in which faith, personality, and freedom receive special emphasis. The author is a professor of church history at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

GOOD WILL AND ILL WILL: A Study in Moral Judgments, by Frank Chapman Sharp. University of Chicago Press. $5. The author of this posthumously published work taught philosophy for many years at the University of Wisconsin and was well known for his contributions to the field of ethics. In this inquiry he seeks an objective standard for decisions of right and wrong and an objective validity for moral judgments. His method consists in posing casuistical questions to several generations of college students, asking them the reasons for their answers and evaluating them against traditional ethical doctrines in the history of philosophy.

These questions concern such matters as the monk who steals leather from a rich merchant in order to make shoes for poverty-stricken children, the status of promises made to those who are no longer living when the conditions under which they were made have changed, the choice of a switchman in a situation which will inevitably involve either the death of his own child or of many train passengers who are unknown to him, the right of a group of people to ask one of their number to sacrifice himself in order to save the rest, the circumstances under which a soldier may leave his post of duty without being relieved, the ethics of euthanasia, and many more of a similar kind. The author's own position, utilitarian in a carefully specified sense, is that the ultimate source of moral judgments is in benevolence and malevolence, and these are the key concepts in a theory which he develops in an interesting, if not altogether systematic, fashion.

PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT IN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES, edited by Marvin Farber. University of Buffalo. $7.50. Philosophers of recent times are given to the writing and publication of symposium volumes. Not all symposia are the same, however, and each seems to mark an attempt to introduce an original note of some kind into cooperative intellectual enterprise. This one, for example, is devoted to the philosophic thought of two countries, France and the United States, during the course of the twentieth century. The reader thus finds first a series of essays on various philosophic problems and issues written by nineteen French philosophers and concluded by a commentary on these contributions by an American philosopher, Richard McKeon. The second half of the volume is like the first, but in reverse—eighteen essays by American philosophers and a commentary on them by a Frenchman, André Lalande.

In general the writers attempt to follow the same or similar themes. In both the French and the American sections essays appear on philosophy between two wars, the history of philosophy, phenomenology, logic, the philosophy of science, the philosophy of religion, esthetics, the philosophy of history, and the philosophy of education. The French section contains in addition several essays dealing with existentialism and with Catholic philosophy, and the additional subjects in the American section are on naturalism, logical positivism, and the philosophy of John Dewey. The book as a whole is a useful addition and is instructive as well in the manner in which it exhibits certain differences between French and American approaches to philosophy, differences which the concluding commentaries elaborate in detail. It is being published concurrently in French, in two volumes.

JOHN DEWEY: Philosopher of Science and Freedom, edited by Sidney Hook. Dial. $3.50. If there is no perennial philosophy, there seems at least to be a perennial philosopher. His name, of course, is John Dewey. Last fall a national committee was formed to celebrate his ninetieth birthday, a celebration which included a dinner and several meetings devoted to the discussion of his contributions. The committee selected Sidney Hook to edit these discussions, and the result is the present symposium, the fourth commemorative volume which has been published in his honor. Dewey has, in fact, lived longer than any major philosopher in history.

But longevity, as Hook points out in his preface, is no philosophic achievement. It is Dewey's ideas which have a continuing and contemporary importance to all of us who live in the Deweyan age. As these ideas are examined once more in this volume our wonder grows that one man could have influenced so wide a range of intellectual inquiry, especially in a period of history when system-building has become a lost vocation and when knowledge has become so intricate, so complex, and so ramified that no one can begin to master it all. Yet the evidence is here for all to see and read and ponder.

The contributors are distinguished, the essays are excellent, and the book belongs in everybody's library.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN SCIENCE, by Herbert Butterfield. Macmillan. $2.50. The scientific revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a precursor of both the modern world and modern ways of thought is the theme of twelve lectures by a professor of history at Cambridge University. As a history of

"How long y' been in this poetry racket?"

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science must be more than a compilation of the biographies of isolated scientists or a catalogue of inventions and discoveries, in this book men of science, their achievements, and their miscalculations are limned in proper historical context.

The questioning of Aristotelian theories of motion—those concerned with the flight of projectiles, the law of inertia, and the behavior of falling bodies — provided the jumping-off place for the scientific revolution. And, linked to changing theories of motion, new views of the movements of heavenly bodies impelled scientists to group themselves in a bipolar arrangement about the earth-centered universe of Aristotle or the solar system of Copernicus.

Though Galileo, Harvey, Kepler, Bacon, Descartes, and Sir Isaac Newton are among the luminaries who shine in the star-studded firmament of the seventeenth century, contributions of many lesser figures of the seventeenth and of previous centuries appear in an integrated picture of science advancing in step with history.

Fundamentally, changes in medieval theories of physical science had come about as a result of the changing framework of men's thinking, and inevitably this new scientific method of inquiry was extended to the fields of philosophy, religion, politics, morals, and history and had a strong hand in the industrial and agrarian revolutions.

"The Origins of Modern Science" is a happy medium between the oversimplified, "science-for-the-millions" type of book and the esoteric breed that leaves the average reader altogether baffled. It is a fresh and welcome approach.

—Donald B. Thorburn.

STUDIES IN REVOLUTION, by Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $2. Professor Carr is engaged on a history of the Russian Revolution, of which the first volume has been completed. These fourteen essays are small gems from a large mine. Originally published in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, they have now been collected and partly revised to make a short volume of 60,000 words. Although somewhat uneven in significance and inspiration, all are written in the author's fluent and forthright style. The work will serve as a pleasing but sketchy primer on the march of European revolutionary theory in the last century and a half.

The opening study deals with Saint-Simon, the last two with Stalin. Between, in approximate chronological order, are essays on The Communist Manifesto, Pierre Joseph Proudhon, Alexander Herzen, Ferdinand Lassalle, some nineteenth-century Russian thinkers (Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, Dobrolyubov, Pisarev, and others), George Plekhanov, the cradle of Bolshevism (early years of the All-Russian Communist Party), Lenin, Sorel, William Gallacher, and the Communist Party of Great Britain, and the revolution that failed (Communist strategy in Germany after 1918). The emphasis throughout is on ideas rather than events but Mr. Carr is adept at isolating the points at issue in the wordy controversies, and he grades the various prophets of revolution by the skill with which they managed to forecast the future and reformulate their theories to meet pragmatic tests as they eventuated. —G. B.

—*Diego Rivera.*

"Communards."

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 14)

native weapons such as the *facón*, South American counterpart of our bowie knife, the lariat, and the *bolas*, made them figures of terror to the enemy, and wrote a new chapter in the history of warfare.

Most of the gauchos were of lowly origin, but their leader, whose nickname gives the title to the novel, was anything else but. Mrs. Pollock struck his trail several years ago while living in Buenos Aires, this scion of one of the great Spanish families, whose full name was Miguel Gabriel José Mariá de Castro de Gurruaga. A fight with a Spanish officer in defense of a friend determined his destiny and set him in the path of leader of the gauchos.

The novel is one that may be read with excitement both for its pages crowded with the violence characteristic of the times and as well for its two love stories: the central one involving Don Gaucho and the fiery *mestiza*, Ana Luz, and the other the gaucho Pasión and Machaca, the beautiful sister of Don Gaucho.

The novel is filled with vivid descriptions not only of personal combats, including two in which the *facón* is matched against sword and dagger in duels, but of such relatively little-known episodes as the repulse of the British from Buenos Aires, with the gauchos playing a leading part. When the novelists reach the tremendous drama of San Martín's crossing of the Andes with his army, one of the greatest of all military feats, they are at the disadvantage of having to try to match other masterly accounts of this miraculous adventure. But this is a story whose excitement cannot be lost.

Judged as serious fiction, the complaint might be justified that the characters are seen too much from the outside, and that important personages—such as the girl Ana Luz, who plays so large a part in the destiny of Don Gaucho—tend to become stock figures. But there is no lack of color and drama from the beginning to the end.

—Herschel Brickell.

SHADY CLOISTER, by Winifred Lear. Macmillan. $2. It all depends on what you mean by shady. To hear Ethel Bonner tell it, Linnet Reilly was that kind of woman, an "unscrupulous nymphomaniac" whose "animal passions" preyed not only on men but on the emotions of adolescent girls. Actually, Linnet was a harmless enough little soul who longed to be

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sophisticated and tall. She was twenty-three, pretty, and had men of sorts in her life. Ethel was forty, unattractive, and manless. To be sure, she set her cap—and a formidable chapeau it was—for Dr. Forbes. But it was Linnet and not Ethel who lit the slow fires of romance in the middle-aged doctor's heart. What was worse, it was not the possessive Ethel, but Linnet, who won the affection of Ethel's fourteen-year-old half-sister, Mary.

Linnet and Ethel were teachers at Eastlands, a South London boarding school for girls. Mary was one of the pupils. Each in her own pathetic way craved love and Ethel sought to buy it. She smothered Mary with attention, submerging her in a flood of gifts and favors, expecting that gratitude would beget love. When she found the desperate child in Linnet's consoling arms, she staged her own venomous version of "The Children's Hour," in reverse, of course. It took a short prescription from the sensible Dr. Forbes to restore health to the sick psyche of South London's Adamless Eden.

Not that the ivy-walled atmosphere of Eastlands is concentrated essence of poison ivy. The garden walks and polished corridors echo to the daily music of gay talk and comradely laughter. Tea in the staff room, hilarious hockey sessions, Sunday chaperonage of student church-goers, the countless amusing situations that arise in classroom and dormitory—of such are Miss Lear's groves of Academe.

Her teachers and pupils are richly realized human beings. It is deplorable that Linnet should waste her spiritual substance on so unendearing a megalomaniac as the pseudo-poet Arnold Cannon. But that is a touch consistent with the gentle realism of this Goodbye, Miss Chips type of idyl.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

SLEEP TILL NOON, by Max Shulman. Doubleday. $2. Not since Corey Ford and Donald Ogden Stewart were carefree striplings has anyone successfully devoted a whole book to the tour de farce. But here is young Shulman from out of the Midwest, tootling merrily away as if he had never heard that the nonsense novel was one with the passenger pigeon and the auk.

The funny part of it is, Shulman sells like mad. His books have had thumping, big, hard-cover sales, and in the quarter field they have sold as if they were loaded with advice on a successful sex life. This is no coincidence, by the way, because Shulman has a strong streak of vulgarity, and an alert reader might very well pick up a few pointers.

Shulman's Opus 4, "Sleep Till Noon," is another of his wacky and irreverent spoofs of manners and morals. I will not attempt to synopsize what passes for plot in this foolish and funny work, since a man would be sooner advised to try a two-paragraph explanation of the Unified Field Theory. In a vague sort of way the book is the story of Harry Riddle's marriage to the sumptuously upholstered Esme, who denies Harry a husband's privileges until his lousing up of a friend's business proves him a fit mate for a middle-class, red-blooded, all-American girl.

If you never had the good fortune to pick up "The Zebra Derby" or "The Feather Merchants," the following is a fair example of the Shulman style:

> Mother was reading in the living room when I came into the house. "Mother! Halloa! I have news!" I cried.
> Mother looked up from the racing form. "Yeah?" she said.
> "I'm in love," I declared.
> "With a girl?"
> I nodded.
> "Thank God," said Mother.

—Lee Rogow.

THE WORKS OF GOD, by Giuseppe Berto. New Directions. $1.50. Compassion is coming back into literature in a big way in the recent work of the Italian novelists. We have fresh evidence of this in the fiction of Giuseppe Berto. The story which gives title to this collection occupies fully half the book. It presents a touching picture of a peasant family fleeing before the advance of invading troops. Actually, all armies are the enemy of the refugee. When old Filippo Mangano receives orders to vacate the homestead his people have occupied for generations he suffers the lethargic despair of old people who do not know why they must suffer for the sins of their rulers. The Mangano family consists of old Filippo; his old wife; his daughter, Effa; his daughter-in-law, Rossa (whose husband is working for the Germans); baby Filippo, and the boy, Nino, old enough to realize hardship yet eager for an adventure not of the family's choosing. They start off in an oxen-harnessed cart, carrying as many movable goods as possible, including some live chickens and a stout pig, which old Filippo could not bear to leave behind.

Their troubles begin as soon as they reach the main road, which is crowded with the ceaseless movement of army trucks. The running of a truck into the cart, knocking off one of its wheels, was the initial misadventure, which started off a whole series of misfortunes that such innocents as the Manganos should not be called upon to bear. The author extracts every ounce of pathos from the situation and conveys it with matchless art to the reader.

The remaining three titles—"The War Passed Over Us," "The Need to Die," and "Lull at Cassino"—speak for themselves. *C'est la guerre.*

—John Cournos.

BLACK GOLD, by Jewel Gibson. Random House. $3. One of the thickest brews of local color since Bret Harte may be found in Jewel Gibson's gaudy, glamorized novel of early oil days in Texas. But this rowdy and rollicking tale is more than mere local color; it is a documentary, for Jewel Gibson knows the Texas oil fields from first-hand experience. Her husband is a driller and she has lived in boom towns a good part of her life. "Black Gold" is full of vitality, of sociological interest, of remembered oil history — full of everything but art. This is crude oil rather than refined.

The hero is a silent, strong youngster of the great open spaces. He misunderstands the gruff but honest and straight-shooting friend of his late mother. It is with her burial, after a barroom brawl, that the novel opens. (The mother had been the queen of, in the inspired words of

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the jacket, "the sporting women" of the town.) This teen-age youth in, say, about ten minutes falls in love with the virtuous fifteen-year-old daughter of the town's reigning madam.

That gives us the silent hero, the misunderstood older hero, and a heroine from a house of prostitution. The villain, of course, is the city-slicking lawyer-politician. In the end the silent young hero finds enough voice to disavow a bogus lease that would have made him a fortune, wins the girl whose purity has survived her upbringing, and exposes the villain while saving a poor, old innocent man.

But if all this contriving of boy-meets-girl is hilariously implausible, it is just a sheath for the real metal underneath. No one interested in oil history or in sociology will fail to appreciate the ringing authenticity of the material dealing with oil drilling, with the muddy careers that beset the mule skinners or transportation workers, with the social mores of the crowded living in raw boom towns.

—Lon Tinkle.

THE UNKNOWN DISCIPLE, by Francesco Perri. Macmillan. $3.50. This is an ingenious tale of life in Rome and Italy elaborately contrived from a couple of hints in the New Testament. A love affair between a Roman vice-governor of Judaea and a beautiful Jewish girl results in the birth of Marcus Adonias, who in the course of time is separated from his mother by a father enraged at her for having the boy circumcised. When the father dies Marcus is sent back to Rome, where he is raised as a Roman nobleman in his uncle's home, falls in love with his uncle's lovely young wife, and gets involved with her in the phallic rites of Dionysius which are to culminate in their union. But the ceremony is broken up, the lovers separated, and Marcus sent off to Judaea.

The complications which follow—and Mr. Perri is good at complicating things—result in the involvement of the fictional characters with the historic—with Pontius Pilate, Mary Magdalene, Judas Iscariot, and, of course, Jesus Himself.

The Biblical passages which serve as the door by which Mr. Perri gets his fictional characters into the New Testament may be found in the fourteenth chapter of Mark where Jesus sends two of his disciplies into Jerusalem to meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, whom they are to follow until they come to the house he enters. There they will be shown to a room where the Last Supper is to be eaten. The second passage speaks of the young man who followed Christ when he was taken at Gethsemane—the young man having a linen cloth cast about his naked body and who fled naked from those who tried to seize him.

The owner of that upper room and the young man who fled naked are by Mr. Perri's account one and the same—they are Marcus Adonias, former worshiper of Dionysius, who has survived a string of adventures to become a follower of the man from Nazareth.

The real trouble with this book is one inherent in any attempt to fictionalize the New Testament. The men and women of the Bible are so real to us that our sense of credibility is violated by seeing them mixed up with fictional products of a twentieth-century mind. It takes a very great artist to overcome this difficulty, and Mr. Perri is not a very great artist. However, he does present an interesting picture of the worldwide longing for faith in Jesus's time which has parallels with our own era.

—Bradford Smith.

On Writing in a Journal

By Oliver Evans

SOME years from now these lines will have fermented
And then I shall enjoy the taste of grapes
I could not value rightly in their prime.
This vine-hung hill I now survey unfeeling
Will then be bright and scented, and its meaning
Be shrewder for the alcohol of time.

But where are they now, the green and gold and purple?
Now they are here, where are they? I am full
Of fierce frustration that I cannot know
The present in the present: O my thirst
Is here and now, but I must wait upon
The slow and sullen service of the years.

ANTIDOTE TO BARBARISM

(*Continued from page 9*)

a result of their somewhat different biological histories. They represent variations, as it were, on a common theme.

4. In short, the term "race" designates a group or population characterized by some concentrations, relative as to frequency and distribution, of hereditary particles (genes) or physical characters, which appear, fluctuate, and often disappear in the course of time by reason of geographic and/or cultural isolation. The varying manifestations of these traits in different populations are perceived in different ways by each group. What is perceived is largely preconceived, so that each group arbitrarily tends to misinterpret the variability which occurs as a fundamental difference which separates that group from all others.

5. These are the scientific facts. Unfortunately, however, when most people use the term "race" they do not do so in the sense above defined. To most people, a race is any group of people whom they choose to describe as a race. Thus, many national, religious, geographic, linguistic, or cultural groups have, in such loose usage, been called a "race," when, obviously, Americans are not a race, nor are Englishmen nor Frenchmen nor any other national group. Catholics, Protestants, Moslems, and Jews are not races, nor are groups who speak English or any other language thereby definable as a race; people who live in Iceland or England or India are not races; nor are people who are culturally Turkish or Chinese or the like thereby describable as races.

6. National, religious, geographic, linguistic, and cultural groups do not necessarily coincide with racial groups, and the cultural traits of such groups have no demonstrated genetic connection with racial traits. Because serious errors of this kind are habitually committed when the term "race" is used in popular parlance, it would be better when speaking of human races to drop the term "race" altogether and speak of *ethnic groups.*

7. Now what has the scientist to say about the groups of mankind which may be recognized at the present time? Human races can be and have been differently classified by different anthropologists, but at the present time most anthropologists agree in classifying the greater part of present-day mankind into three major divisions: the Mongoloid Division, the Negroid Division, the Caucasoid Division.

The biological processes which the

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classifier has here embalmed, as it were, are dynamic, not static. These divisions were not the same in the past as they are at present, and there is every reason to believe that they will change in the future.

8. Many sub-groups or ethnic groups within these divisions have been described. There is no general agreement upon their number, and in any event most ethnic groups have not yet been either studied or described by the physical anthropologists.

9. Whatever classification the anthropologist makes of man, he never includes mental characteristics as part of those classifications. It is now generally recognized that intelligence tests do not in themselves enable us to differentiate between what is due to innate capacity and what is the result of environmental influences, training, and education. Wherever it has been possible to make allowances for differences in environmental opportunities, the tests have shown essential similarity in mental characters among all human groups. In short, given similar degrees of cultural opportunity to realize their potentialities, the average achievement of the members of each ethnic group is about the same. The scientific investigations of recent years fully support the dictum of Confucius (551-478 B.C.): "Men's natures are alike; it is their habits that carry them far apart."

10. The scientific material available to us at present does not justify the conclusion that inherited genetic differences are a major factor in producing the differences between the cultures and cultural achievements of different peoples or groups. It does indicate, however, that the history of the cultural experience which each group has undergone is the major factor in explaining such differences. The one trait which above all others has been at a premium in the evolution of man's mental characters has been educability, plasticity. This is a trait which all human beings possess. It is, indeed, a species character of *Homo sapiens.*

11. So far as temperament is concerned, there is no definite evidence that there exist inborn differences between human groups. There is evidence that whatever group differences of the kind there might be are greatly overridden by the individual differences and by the differences springing from environmental factors.

12. As for personality and character, these may be considered raceless. In every human group a rich variety of personality and character types will be found, and there is no reason for believing that any human group is richer than any other in these respects.

13. With regard to race mixture, the evidence points unequivocally to the fact that this has been going on from the earliest times. Indeed, one of the chief processes of race formation and race extinction or absorption is by means of hybridization between races or ethnic groups. Furthermore, no convincing evidence has been adduced that race mixture of itself produces biologically bad effects. Statements that human hybrids frequently show undesirable traits, both physically and mentally, physical disharmonies and mental degeneracies, are not supported by the facts. There is, therefore, no *biological* justification for prohibiting intermarriage between persons of different ethnic groups.

14. The biological fact of race and the myth of "race" should be distinguished. For all practical social purposes "race" is not so much a biological phenomenon as a social myth. The myth of "race" has created an enormous amount of human and social damage. In recent years it has taken

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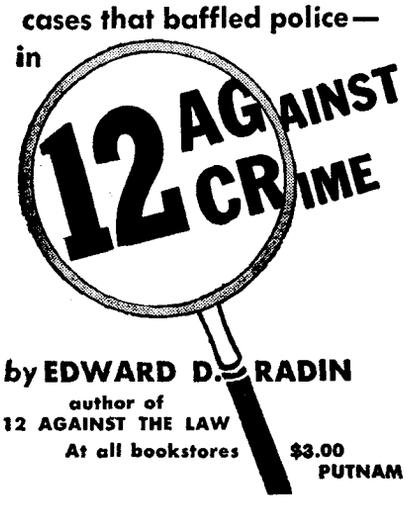

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a heavy toll in human lives and caused untold suffering. It still prevents the normal development of millions of human beings and deprives civilization of the effective cooperation of productive minds. The biological differences between ethnic groups should be disregarded from the standpoint of social acceptance and social action. The unity of mankind from both the biological and social viewpoints is the main thing. To recognize this and to act accordingly is the first requirement of modern man. It is but to recognize what a great biologist wrote in 1875: "As man advances in civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation, though personally unknown to him. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races." These are the words of Charles Darwin in "The Descent of Man." And, indeed, the whole of human history shows that a cooperative spirit is not only natural to men but more deeply rooted than any self-seeking tendencies. If this were not so we should not see the growth of integration and organization of his communities which the centuries and the millennia plainly exhibit.

15. We now have to consider the bearing of these statements on the problem of human equality. It must be asserted with the utmost emphasis that equality as an ethical principle in no way depends upon the assertion that human beings are in fact equal in endowment. Obviously, individuals in all ethnic groups vary greatly among themselves in endowment. Nevertheless, the characteristics in which human groups differ from one another are often exaggerated and used as a basis for questioning the validity of equality in the ethical sense. For this purpose we have thought it worth while to set out in a formal manner what is at present scientifically established concerning individual and group differences:

I. In matters of race, the only characteristics which anthropologists can effectively use as a basis for classifications are physical and physiological.

II. According to present knowledge there is no proof that the groups of mankind differ in their innate mental characteristics, whether in respect of intelligence or temperament. The scientific evidence indicates that the range of mental capacities in all ethnic groups is much the same.

III. Historical and sociological studies support the view that genetic differences are not of importance in determining the social and cultural differences between different groups of *Homo sapiens*, and that the social and cultural *changes* in different groups have, in the main, been independent of *changes* in inborn constitution. Vast social changes have occurred which were not in any way connected with changes in racial type.

IV. There is no evidence that race mixture as such produces bad results from the biological point of view. The social results of race mixture whether for good or ill are to be traced to social factors.

V. All normal human beings are capable of learning to share in a common life, to understand the nature of mutual service and reciprocity, and to respect social obligations and contracts. Such biological differences as exist between members of different ethnic groups have no relevance to problems of social and political organization, moral life, and communication between human beings.

16. Lastly, biological studies lend support to the ethic of universal brotherhood; for man is born with drives toward cooperation, and unless these drives are satisfied man and nations alike fall ill. Man is born a social being who can reach his fullest development only through interaction with his fellows. The denial at any point of this social bond between man and man brings with it disintegration. In this sense, every man is his brother's keeper. For every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main, because he is involved in mankind.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KEEP COOL, MR. JONES *Timothy Fuller* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Possibly accidental lock-up of Mass. ruralites in farm deep freeze first step in two-murder case for Jupiter Jones.	Well-heeled rustic atmosphere, literate and amusing chatter, plot with treasure-trove angle, and surprise finish.	Agreeable

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
SOME MODERNS		
SESSIONS: SYMPHONY #2. New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia LP: ml 2120 (10")	Not music for a once-over—but if you have any ear for the modern you're bound to be impressed with the huge power of this dissonantly expressive (yet structurally conservative) writing. Severe, concentrated, but not humorless.	
BLISS: "MIRACLE IN THE GORBALS" (ballet suite). Royal Opera House Orch., Lambert. Columbia LP: ml 2117 (½) (With Adam: "Giselle.")	British-recorded—no high-end pre-emphasis: turn your high control up to balance with U. S. LP's.	Described as "dissonant" —this is a tawdry dissonance with cloying echoes of Edw. German, Elgar, touch of half-hearted "Porgy and Bess." You can have it.
DELLO JOIO: CONCERTO FOR HARP AND ORCHESTRA. Edw. Vito; Little Orch. Society, Scherman. Columbia LP: ml 4303 (½) (With Diamond: "Romeo & Juliet.")	Modern tape-style recording goes beautifully with dry Dello Joio percussion effects, small, precise rhythmic figures. Harp balance is excellent. The Diamond is an older job; good.	The harp is no solo beauty, outside of its forte, impressionist music, and Dello J.'s is anything but that. His expert, chattily dissonant style is fluent as ever but the going's a bit tough here.
STRAVINSKY: DUO CONCERTANT FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO (1932). Szigeti, Stravinsky. STRAVINSKY: "PASTORALE" FOR VIOLIN AND WINDS (1908-33). Szigeti; winds cond., Stravinsky. Columbia LP: ml 2122 (10") (With Bloch: "Baal Shem.")	A preposterous balance here. The piano — with Stravinsky at it — is drowned in the background, the violin close and very loud. (The records that artists will OK!) Others are from earlier discs; "Pastorale" not up to 78 original, "Baal Shem" good.	One of those staccato, fragmented works in which S. perfected his unorthodox violin, using it percussively, arpeggiatively. "Melodies" are there if you can hear 'em and it's a good work for the initiated. Good to have the lovely "Pastorale" again via LP.
ALBAN BERG: "LYRIC SUITE" (1926). Pro Arte Quartet (Kolisch). Dial LP: 5	Here are some of the praiseworthy Dial contemporary series—for the first time, top modern works beautifully recorded and in excellent performances. Makes knowing new music immeasurably easier. If you are quartet-minded, you should own the astonishing "Lyric Suite," a 20th-century landmark, along with your Mozarts and Beethovens. Dissonant, but its language is passionately, sincerely "romantic," elevated; easily grasped themes, thematic germs à la Beethoven make for quicker comprehension, though it is part 12-tone in technique. You'll find it exciting. Webern's more radical 12-tone melodic lines are broken up vertically into huge and constant leaps. Until the ear can sense relationships between these widespread tones the music is necessarily meaningless, squeaky, merely exotic. Takes time.	
WEBERN: SYMPHONY OP. 21 (1928). Members French Nat. Symphony. WEBERN: PIECES FOR STRING QUARTET, OP. 5 and 9. Pro Arte Quartet. Dial LP: 7		
BARTOK: SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION (1937). William Masselos, Maro Ajemian, pianos; S. Goodman, A. Marcus, percussion. Dial LP: 1	Dial's first, and a technical masterpiece already well known among engineers. Fabulous percussion recording — somehow the two pianos have been subdued, almost too much. (Pianos drown percussion in the Vox recording!)	An expert performance of terribly difficult music, tremendously aided in clarity by the excellent recording. The old Bartók-played version is a more vital performance (Vox LP) but recording is poor.
HOVHANNES: "LOUSADSAK," "TZAIKERK," "ACHTAMAR," "SHATAKH." (Assorted combinations.) Maro Ajemian, pf., Anahid Ajemian, vl., Philip Kaplan, fl., S. Goodman, percussion orch. cond., composer. Dial LP: 6	Some of these were once recorded before, for Disc on 78; these are enormously improved, according to high present standards. All Dials are apparently tape-made, as is now standard.	Strange, semi-Eastern, lulling music, minus harmony (though not key), using piano, violin, etc., for endless, elaborate oriental melodies. Highly original and creditable, but not much future in it as a general art form, I'd say.
SHOSTAKOVICH: SEVEN CHILDREN'S PIECES, ETC. Composer at the piano. Mercury LP: MG 10035 (½)	Oldish recording, re-recorded, but it's not bad piano at all. Good bass, very steady in tone. Some hiss.	Shostakovich playing his own little pieces (cf. Milhaud, last week's *SRL*). "Age of Gold" Polka, etc. (Polka tempo is very fast!) —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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(Continued from page 41)

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YOUNG, PERSONABLE ENGLISH ex-actor of appearance, integrity, seeks post as secretary, travelling companion, etc. Would lady or gentleman assist passage in return for free services for period? Any offers, suggestions? Box 371-D.

YOUNG MAN, college student, beginning writer, needs friendly correspondence with sympathetic gentleman who would be advisor, mentor. Box 384-D.

HELP WANTED: young couple desperately need 3 room apartment September. Prefer Manhattan or nearby Long Island. CLAFLIN, NYC Circle 7-5700, Extension 114, 10-5; can swap 3 rooms Philadelphia.

INTELLIGENT COUNTRYWOMAN, pursuing synthesis of reason and emotion, to whom arts unexpendable, main love piano, own talent sculpture, European education, wishes correspond with someone desiring stimulus and understanding. Box 380-D.

S.O.S. PARK AVENUE EXECUTIVE, the mature type, possesses everything—yet bored, bored, bored, with New York's mad whirl and women. Seeks solace and peace through correspondence with simple country girl. Box 381-D.

MUCH-TRAVELED MATURE young man subscribing to dominant male theory seeks as correspondent that extra-feminine girl. Box 382-D.

COLLEGE TRAINED GIRL wanted. Must be free to travel and excellent driver. To accompany woman executive. Some secretarial knowledge required. Box 383-D.

YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with a nice lady. Box 366-D.

FOR SALE: LARGE COLLECTION classical pianola rolls. Box 134, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

YOUNG MANHATTANITE, bon vivant, desires scintillating femme as correspondent. Box 368-D.

SCULPTOR-DESIGNER, modern taste, seeks progressive business interests, royalty. Box 379-D.

MIDDLE-AGED EUROPEAN woman invites male correspondence. Box 378-D.

MALE, mature, masculine, modernist, clamors for correspondence with cultured, considerate companionable colleen liking arts, music, literature photography, outdoors. Box 377-D.

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YOUNG MAN, seeks gay enlightening correspondence; object, new viewpoints on music, art, literature and life. Box 352-D.

GENTLEMAN desires correspondence from disabled veterans, who are lonely and sincere. Box 353-D.

TIME TO BUY that country retreat. Sub-marginal farms and tumble-down houses. Elizabeth Kent Gay, Real Estate, Kents' Corner, Calais, Vermont.

HOMESPUN BUT ADVENTUROUS male in late thirties seeks correspondence with any daring female with same spirit of adventure. Box 355-D.

UNDERSTANDING, AMICABLE Guy interested theatre, books, art, and good food, wishes correspondence. Box 356-D.

YOUNG COMPOSER would exchange views on the state of music with others interested in composition. Box 357-D.

WOULD SOMEBODY WRITE unprejudiced woman? Write in any vein, on any subject. Box 359-D.

ARTISTIC, DIGNIFIED, Jewish New Year Cards. Eight assorted for one dollar. Box 360-D.

NYC AGENT WANTED by topnotch songwriter, attractive royalty-partnership remuneration. Box 361-D.

WOMAN, MIDDLE YEARS, versatile, tolerant, amiable, likes good food, movies, beach, seeks correspondence with mundane man. Box 362-D.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, shy and adventuresome, interested in people and places, invites masculine correspondence. Box 363-D.

CAPABLE, ALERT, young man, 22, A.B., desires employment. Preferably tutor, companion, librarian, secretary; but will consider anything. Experience. Box 364-D.

YOUR NAME & ADDRESS on 1000 labels, $2 postpaid. Colorful. House Butte, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC (room 2201).

YOUNG MALE, liberal, interested books, music, sports, travel, seeks correspondence with like-minded girl. Box 369-D.

MALE WRITER (25) desires work New York. Newspaper, magazine, or something unusual. Box 372-D.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

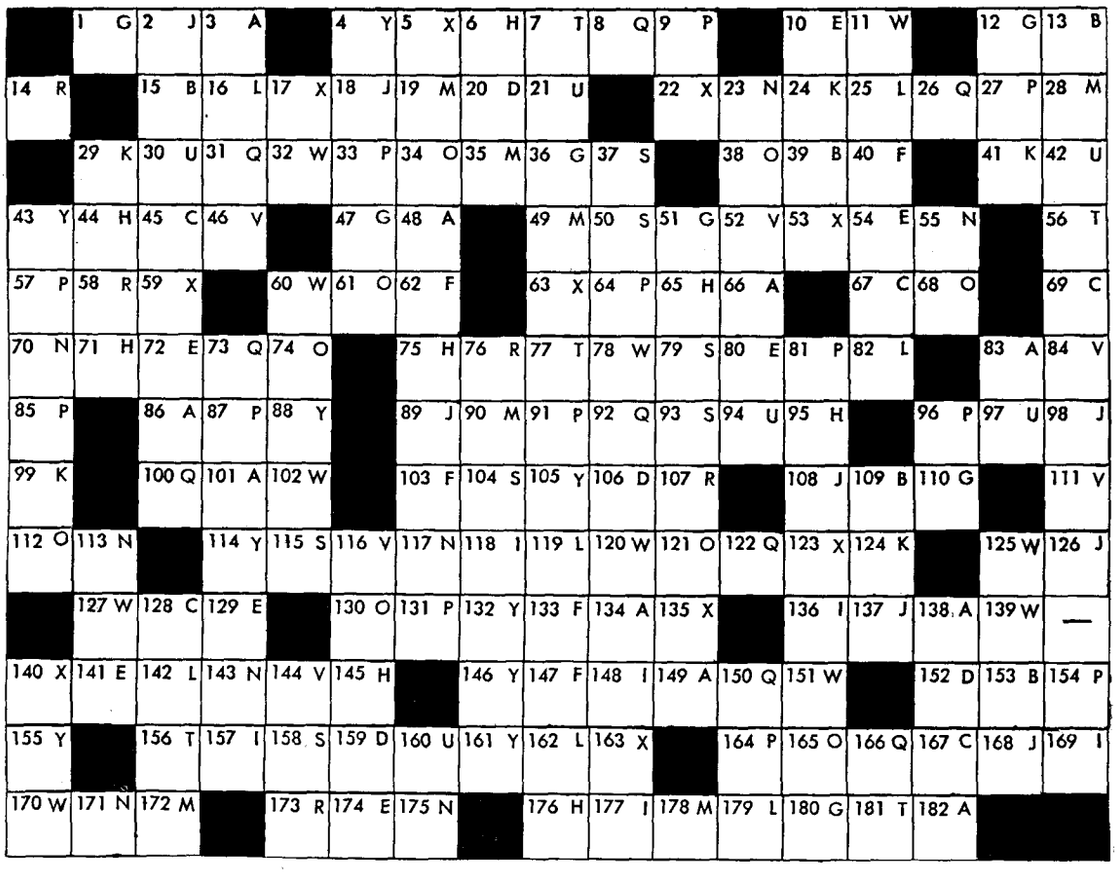
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Barnburners (U. S. Hist.; comp.).	48 134 83 86 66 101 3 138 149 182
B. A hybrid between a stallion and an ass.	13 153 39 109 15
C. The "eye" of a bean or other large seed.	128 67 167 45 69
D. Mount, 12,922 feet, Grand Teton National Park, Wyo.	159 152 20 106
E. To transplant (seedlings) to rows in the nursery (forestry; 2 wds.).	54 141 174 129 10 80 72
F. Kind of pewter formerly inlaid with gold and silver; tutenag (India).	103 133 40 62 147
G. An arrangement of a piece from the full score (music).	51 47 110 36 1 12 180
H. In a book, the small parts not text (print.).	75 145 44 6 65 176 71 95
I. Young birds of the *Strigiformes*.	177 136 148 118 169 157
J. A headdress worn by Arabs, esp. Bedouins.	18 108 98 126 168 89 137 2
K. An inflectional form of verbs (gram.).	99 29 24 124 41
L. Race-track city in Florida.	119 179 25 142 162 16 82
M. A "currency" which automatically increases and decreases in bulk with the demands of business.	19 49 90 172 178 35 28

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. English colonial governor of Virginia, who summoned first representative assembly in the Colonies.	55 113 70 117 175 143 171 23
O. British member in name of treaty with U. S. in 1842, setting Maine-Canada boundary.	38 34 112 165 121 74 68 61 130
P. Twelfth original state of U. S., Nov. 21, 1789.	33 57 85 154 87 81 164 9 64 96 27 91 131
Q. Executes rhythmical movements in unison (2 wds.).	92 73 150 31 122 100 166 26 8
R. Peak in Colorado, 14,260 feet, site of Cosmic Ray Lab. of the Univ. of Denver.	14 76 173 58 107
S. American inventor, industrialist, philanthropist, founded a school of music which bears his name (1854-1932).	93 50 158 115 79 104 37
T. American philosopher, professor at Columbia Univ. (1896-).	77 56 7 156 181
U. Persian commander who won at Thermopylae, 480 B.C.	42 94 160 30 97 21
V. Lake in central N. Y. State, locale of Baseball Hall of Fame.	84 111 46 144 52 116
W. The "cream," esp. of a book; an epitome.	151 102 11 139 125 78 32 127 170 120 60
X. Not secured against attack.	5 17 63 53 140 59 135 163 123 22
Y. Offers or presents to view (2 wds.).	4 88 132 114 146 43 105 161 155

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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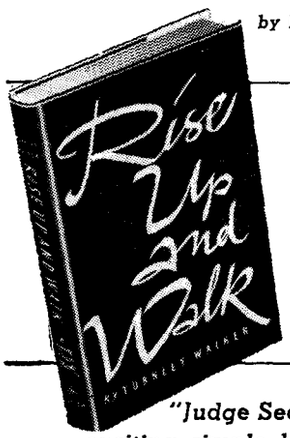

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A COLUMN OF OUR OWN

MAIDEN VOYAGE, Barnaby Dogbolt's hilarious novel about an American professor engaged in literary research in England, is receiving compliments from coast to coast. A notice that we particularly liked comes from the west coast — from Paul Jordan-Smith in the Los Angeles Times, to be specific: "Relaxing weather demands a relaxing book and no high, serious thinking. Barnaby Dogbolt is definitely the man to provide a mental mint julep for a hot day. There is present not one jot of social significance, not one atom of morbid psychology, not a drop from the dark ocean of the subconscious. Just pleasant foolishness on the part of a jolly and shrewd gentleman who in real life is a professor of pharmacology at an eastern university."

THE KILLER WATCHES THE MANHUNT is A. B. Cunningham's eighteenth mystery, and in a rapidly deteriorating world it is comforting to realize that his Kentucky sleuth, Jess Roden, is even more proficient than he was when he first appeared on the literary scene in 1939. In his latest story the killer takes the reader into his confidence from time to time, but his identity is not disclosed until Sheriff Roden is prepared to reveal it.

MR. CUNNINGHAM lives in Lubbock, Texas, and he writes novels under the name of Garth Hale. His recently published ONE BIG FAMILY, an appraisal of how impossible it is for three generations of a family to live without friction under one roof, is being enthusiastically praised by the reviewers for its sincerity and wisdom.

LEON Z. SURMELIAN wrote his novel, 98.6° — and perhaps we'd better explain right here that the title is a reference to the normal temperature of the human body — atop the Observatory hill in Los Angeles' Griffith Park. He says that every morning, after a brisk walk, he would sit in his car and toil over his sentences, or read or take long naps. He also observed the habits of rabbits and birds, deer and squirrels, and described them in his book. It took him three years to write 98.6°, and another three or four months to cut and revise it. Mr. Surmelian writes in an original shorthand which he claims no one can read — and it often puzzles him when he attempts to decipher it. But to get back to Observatory hill — he describes it as an ideal place to escape from phone calls and unwelcome visitors.

THE fifth chapter of A GUIDE TO PROFITABLE INVESTMENT is a particularly timely one: it describes the effect of War on security values and advises the astute investor to begin purchasing soon after the outbreak of hostilities. This is one of the twelve rules which Harold B. Gruver has formulated as a guidepost for buying and selling stocks; incidentally, the author, a former statistical and securities analyst, followed his own advice and was able to retire at an early age.

E.P.D.

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